

"Nationalism of Nippon" By BABA BHARATI

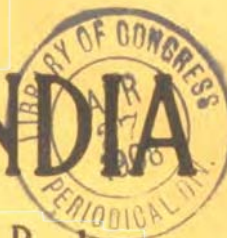
Volume II
No. 3

उद्दिष्टवर्तमानः

MARCH
1908

The LIGHT OF INDIA

The Magazine You Want To Read



Contents.

Page

MAY THE LIVING SOUL RISE IN ITS MAJESTY.....	93
LIST TO THE MUSIC By Rose Reinhardt Anthon...	93
FACT AND SENTIMENT By Baba Bharati.....	94
GREAT YOG IN BENARES By Rose Reinhardt Anthon...	101
ONE OF THESE LITTLE ONES By Elsa Barker.....	108
MAN-MACHINE IN JAPAN By Merry Walton.....	109
SAYINGS OF KRISHNA.....	111
STORIES OF INDIA By Rose Reinhardt Anthon...	112
THE NATIONALISM OF NIPPON By Baba Bharati	114
THE HANGMAN By Selina Moesle	118
PASSING EVENTS By Baba Bharati	129
JIM By Baba Bharati	132



EDITED BY

BABA BHARATI and ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON

Published Monthly in Los Angeles and Calcutta By

THE LIGHT OF INDIA PUBLISHING Co.,

33-2 NEBOOTALA LANE, BOWBAZAR, CALCUTTA.

Per Year Rs. 4-8.

PRICE EIGHT ANNAS

America, \$1.50.

Price in America Fifteen Cents. In England Nine Pence.

IT PAYS TO BUY OF THE BIG HOUSE
BARTLETT MUSIC CO., 231-233-235 BROADWAY
OPPOSITE CITY HALL

TO THE READER

BOOK-BINDING in Calcutta is yet in its infancy and pamphlet-binding is worse. The book-binders we engaged for the first issue have spoilt all our efforts at good printing which also is a difficult work in India. It is hard to get good printers able to quickly turn out high-class work. At last we have secured a good establishment and hope to do both quick and good work.

With the January number the second volume of the magazine began with increased number of pages. There will be more pages to a number, some months, as in this, but never less. The Baba, terribly hard-worked in America, needed rest and he deserved it. Our readers will be glad to learn he is well now.

The subscription price will be One Dollar and Fifty Cents for subscribers in America, in England 6s., but to our old subscribers who will subscribe within this month we will give a year's magazine at the old price, One Dollar, with twenty-five cents additional for postage. Back numbers of the First Volume, \$ 2; in India, Rs. 5.

The subscription price in India will be Rs. 4-8. Address all subscriptions and communications to the Manager, LIGHT OF INDIA PUBLISHING CO., 33-2, Nebootala Lane, Bowbazar, Calcutta, India.

This magazine is the only publication of its kind in existence. Its extraordinary uniqueness is in its quality and originality of reading matter. Its thoughts and sentiments, its expositions of spiritual, social, ethical and domestic truths are derived from the highest inspiration, the best evidence of which is that they have appealed to the mind, heart and soul of every reader of the issues now out, and this number cannot fail to make a deeper impression. Really illuminated writers of India, the East and America form the main staff of its contributors. The kind and degree of that illumination the perusal of this or any number of the magazine will show.

It is an all-round magazine, embracing and dealing with, in its masterful way, subjects, affecting the deepest interest of all humanity—spiritual, social and domestic in especial. Although its articles, sketches and stories are essentially Oriental, they throw illuminating sidelights upon human life in the West. For the first time in the history of the world and Western literature, the real facts of the inner life of the East in general and India in particular, are being revealed to Western readers, which is the chief mission of THE LIGHT OF INDIA, which is the light of the entire East. Hence, it cannot fail to fascinatingly interest the general reader, while those who have real spiritual hunger will find more than enough in the contents of this issue the greatest treasures of their life, the surest guide for their soul's path to its goal.

THE STORY OF "JIM."

"Jim" by Baba Bharati is of such gripping interest that the reader's mind cannot rest until it has devoured the whole of it. The author handles the emotions of the heart as only a master can, and strikes the cord that vibrates through every soul. He traces the delicate working of the heart and uncovers it in all its intricacies to the pulse of the reader. He takes us with the wandering ascetic through the beauties of life in India and reveals the mysteries of her spiritual realm. "Jim" will develop more and more stirring situations of most absorbing interest in every succeeding instalment. "Jim" is a reply to Kipling's "Kim," and is a most fascinating romance handled by a master mind of the Orient—the first novel in English ever written by an Oriental.

COMBINATION SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Light of India one year and "Stories of India" by Rose Anthon, \$2.25; Rs. 6.

Light of India for one year and "Krishna" by Baba Bharati, \$3.00; Rs. 7-8.

AGENT IN LOS ANGELES, CAL.: Miss Eleanor Reesberg, 611 Grant Bldg.; CHIEF AGENTS FOR MADRAS: G. A. Natesan & Co., Publishers, Esplanade, Madras.

The Light of India is SOLD AT ALL NEWS STANDS.

The Light of India

VOL. II.

MARCH 1908.

No. 3.

MAY THE LIVING SOUL RISE IN ITS MAJESTY!

As the life imprisoned in the seed of a tree struggles to break its bonds, to mingle with the life outside its limitations and spring into being in all the glory of its perfected self, manifested in stem and leaf and crowning bloom, in fruit, and once again into seed; so may the living Soul within us, often clouded by the vapors and mists of the ephemeral self, burst asunder its fetters and rise in its majesty, dispersing into nothingness all unlike itself, and issue forth clothed in all the royal regalia of a king within its kingdom of munificent and manifold treasures, crowned with the wonder of undying powers, and sceptered with the loveliness of undying Life and thus manifesting itself in all the halo of its perfected heritage in words, in deeds, in life, that shall be to men the things by which they live.

LIST TO THE MUSIC!

BY ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON.

I.

List to the music that plays in the reed;
View thou the flower that sleeps in the seed;
Wake to the urge that lurks in the clay;
See thou the blessings that crowd in thy day.

II.

Sorrow is not without joy at its root,
Evil is but the shadow of good;
Death is the breath that life casts behind;
Destruction the vapors that rise from the mind.

FACT AND SENTIMENT*

BY BABA BHARATI.

BELoved ONES OF MY LORD:—The subject for to-night is "Fact and Sentiment." We, in these days, make too much of facts and are inclined to discard sentiments. In these degenerate days of ignorance of inner life and the laws of inner life, we hold fact as of higher value than sentiment, sentiment being by some assigned almost no value. Fact, they say, is more valuable, "because facts serve our practical life;" while sentiment has been considered by most people of materialistic ideas as akin to foolishness. They demand facts: "Facts, give us facts." They also say, "These are foolish sentiments. Sentiments are foolish." "Facts, facts," is the cry. "Give us facts. We don't want sentiments. Give us facts." Yes, we are crazy for facts, and modern science has made us crazy for facts. If one reads a book, he demands "facts" from the author. If one hears a lecture, the lecturer is asked for, or expected to furnish, facts for what he says, furnish facts to compel belief.

What is a Fact?

Facts. What are facts? Facts of what? Facts belong to all planes of consciousness; and the facts that belong to one plane of consciousness differ from those of other planes of consciousness. When they say, "Facts, give us facts," they mean material facts. Their mind dwells on the material plane of life, the outermost plane, the surface plane of life; and even when hearing something on some subject that belongs to the mental plane or to the spiritual plane, they want facts of the material plane to support the arguments and the logic of the interior planes.

What is a fact? The dictionary tells you a fact is a truth. The facts of the material plane are the truths of the material plane—truths that are cognized by the senses, truths experienced by the senses, truths that appeal to the matter-fed mind, to the matter-dealing senses.

There are Facts in all the Planes.

There are facts in the mental plane, facts in the moral plane, facts in the spiritual plane. They are of different construction from the facts of the material plane. Thoughts produce matter; thoughts are back of all material things. Thoughts are at the back of all physical actions. When you act you are prompted unto that action by thought. Had the world no thought back of its action it would be a crazy world. Modern science has made the world crazy for facts, scientific facts. Even the scientists who deal with the discoveries of the material yogis—by which I mean the scientists that deal with the scientific discoveries of men who have concentrated their mind and, through that concentration, have dived into the very essence of Nature, into the thought-realm of Nature, into the deep recesses of thought, and have discovered these laws which make up their discoveries—have taught their students to base their belief on facts.

Science Wants Material Reason.

The scientific man concentrates on an idea, on a thought; and when his concentration is complete, then he finds that there are wonderful facts beneath

*Verbatim report of an extempore sermon delivered by Baba Bharati in the Krishna Temple, 730 West Sixteenth Street, Los Angeles, Cal.—U.S.A.

that thought, beneath that idea. He goes through the arteries and veins of that one thought and finds at the bottom other thoughts, other ideas; and the light of those ideas flashes through his mind and he says: "I have discovered, I have found, a new truth," and he gives it out to the world—sells it for fame and money. These very scientific, these material, facts that have been brought out by scientists have back of them thought. It is the mind's concentration of the discoverers that has delved beneath the inner thought and brought out thoughts and ideas by which have been revolutionized the time-worn ideas of things. They say, "Give me pure reason. I can accept reasons all right. Give me pure reason," which means, "Give me material reason." When you are talking to one of them about spiritual things, talking to him about moral laws, he demands from you material data for belief in their existence. "Pure reason," he calls it; the reason which he can understand, because his mind and brain dwell on the material plane and he knows nothing beyond matter.

Sentiments Greater than Facts.

Sentiments are greater than facts, more serviceable to mankind than material facts. What is a sentiment? A sentiment is a thought-current. I am not speaking of the sentiments which you call sentimental, which you call worthless; and, really, they are worthless sentiments and worthless thoughts—thoughts of frivolous minds, sentiments of frivolous minds. Those are false sentiments, whose expressions are at times accompanied by easy or "crocodile tears," being tears of affected emotions. I am not talking of these sentiments; but I am talking of sentiments which lift the mind out of darkness, out of gloom, out of sadness, out of sorrow. A feather weight of such sentiment is worth a ton of scientific fact. I am not making a bluster. I am not saying something which is aggressive and without reason. I will show you presently.

You read the scientific books. You become much astonished at the discoveries of scientists. You read the books and admire the ingenuity, admire the brain of the discoverers. It appeals to your intellect, for the while appeals to your matter-fed intellect. You lay down the book and you forget it; it has no influence on your mind or heart—and you live in your mind and your heart. In your daily practical life you live on sentiment.

Our Real Life Based on Sentiments.

How deluded we are in this age of hurry, of want of thought, of want of study of want of self-introspection! How deluded we are! We live every day the life of sentiment; because, *LIFE DEPENDS ON SENTIMENT*. I may have a large concern, a large concern which deals with matter-of-fact things. Or, say, I am a scientific dealer in scientific goods. I have studied science. I have to deal with scientific facts daily with my customers. I have made money by it. All day I have been dealing with scientific facts, material facts; selling electric lights, selling steam engines—all these material things, scientific things, I have been selling things and talking of science all the time, commercially. I come home, enter my home. There is my wife, my children, my daughters, my sons, my dear ones; and the office ideas, the office associations, are gone. I come and kiss my wife and my children. They all get round me, I am in another world. I am a sentimental man. There, perhaps, in that home, an hour I devote to my office concerns; but, except that hour, every hour I

spend at home is spent in sentiment and on sentiment. Something happens in the home: I have forgotten all the facts of science and the scientific instruments I sell; everything is wiped out; I may weep or rage, but it is all out of sentiment.

I have not seen a single man in this world, whether in the East or in the West, who could say with truth he has not a particle of sentiment within him. Many people, these word-deluded people, talk like that. They say, "I do not believe in sentiments," and these very people are filled with sentiments; they live, move and have their being in a sentimental atmosphere. Don't you believe that man that says he has no sentiment, that he does not believe in sentiment. He is an unconscious liar. That is the best I can say of him. Not that he is intentionally a liar, only he does not know what he is; he does not know his inner self, he does not know the real life that he lives within. He only has some ideas in his outer intellectuality and he has been hypnotized by those ideas. Therefore he does not know what he says. Therefore, there is no consistency between his actions and his words.

Sentiment Rules the World.

The modern scientists, all of them, will in time be swept into a corner, and sooner or later will be swept out of men's minds; but the man or woman of sentiment, whether in the past or in the present—sentiment which uplifts the mind out of the mire of material woe into the realms of harmony and peace—will live enthroned in the hearts of men. It is a man of sentiment that is remembered all through the ages. Why? Because sentiment rules the world—not fact. Sentiment rules the world.

Material facts serve our body; but sentiments serve our real being, our mind, heart, soul; and we live in our mind, in our heart, which is the interior chamber of the mind and the door of the soul. Therein we live, every one of us, even the savage. He lives there, in his mind and heart. This body is the encasement of that mind wherein we live, the encasement of our consciousness, which alone we are.

Can you tell me of one hero or heroine in the history of your past who was not a man or woman of sentiment—a real hero or a real heroine? A man or a woman who has no sentiment has no imagination; and one who has no sentiment or imagination is worse than a brute. I do not believe there lives such a man or woman, as I have said. There is some sentiment, some little imagination, in everybody, which keeps him alive.

Sentiments More Valuable Than Facts.

Yes, we are all sentimental beings. All human beings are sentimental. We live on sentiments, live in sentiments. If you take away our sentiments we will die. Someone has all the material goods of the world, is blessed with all the comforts and luxuries of the world; but the mind is disturbed, and the luxuries and comforts and wealth are taken to be of no account. He does not even remember them; his mind is disturbed. Somebody is disappointed; some hope is blasted; he doesn't feel that he can enjoy his wealth or comforts or luxuries; the mind is disturbed, the mind is stricken; the heart has received a blow, a pain. If you will, you may lecture to him on all scientific facts and

in most attractive language ; he doesn't listen to you. He is not comforted. But some one comes who has no scientific knowledge, neither any erudition ; perhaps he is an unlettered or an ignorant person, but he talks to him from out the soul, talks to him from the depth of his heart, talks to him with the words of real, sincere sympathy, and he is much soothed. Some other man comes, with sentiments of love, sentiments of purity, sentiments of the spiritual world, and he is more than cured ; he is made happier, perhaps, than he had been before his disappointment or his blow. Therefore, sentiments are more valuable than material facts ; and spiritual sentiments are of most value,

What Christ Gave to the World.

Jesus Christ was a man of sentiment and he is thought to be the greatest man, by the Western people. Jesus was a man of sentiment. All these scientists, including Edison, compared with Jesus, will be swept into a corner, as all scientists of the past, the materialists of the past, have been swept out of men's mind : but Jesus has stood. What did he give to the world ? Sentiments : facts of the inner world, facts of the inner consciousness, facts of the heart and facts of the soul. And he to-day is the king of all the kings, of all the kings of learning, all the kings of science. Even the hardest-headed materialist would bow to his purity of character, to his sacrifice, to his wonderful clearness of the grasp of inner things. These scientists are little glow-worms before the moon—the moon of the spiritual firmament, Jesus Christ.

I think a man or a woman who has cultivated his or her sentiments and made them pure, has lived those sentiments and been guided by them, has made them the springs of his or her actions—sentiments which have exalted the mind, which have lifted it out of material desires, such a man or woman is greater than all the great men of science or of philosophy, whose writings or whose talks do not have the same beneficial influence on the minds of men. Any such person with a heart which has been cultivated, whose sentiments come from its deepest core, from the very soul, when that person talks to you, will talk with telling effect. Every word that will come out of those lips will come freighted with the essence of the pure heart, the pure soul, and will therefore comfort you, quicken your inner being, illumine you.

A Deluded Man of Fact.

Yes, we are deluded every day by the fact that we do not know what we really live on, that we live on sentiments alone, that sentiment rules the world. Every day of the world, in every clime and every age, sentiment has ruled the minds of men—not fact. Talking with a friend of mine in Calcutta, he said that he did not believe in sentiments ; he did not believe in the sentimental, he believed in facts, he believed in science. So, I told him one day that his son, who was abroad, was very ill. He became at once sentimental and burst into tears. He asked me what he should do to obtain some more news of him, and he became such a sentimental fool that I thought it was cruelty to play the hoax on him any longer. When I told him that his son was all right, was perfectly healthy, and that I had sprung it upon him only to test whether his heart was all matter or had some sentimental vein in it, he could not look me in the eyes and I left him.

Three Kinds of "Love."

Of all sentiments, love is the highest. But love, to be love, must be enduring, must have all the attributes of love. These attributes are peace, harmony, self-sacrifice. The best test of love is self-sacrifice. Without this, you know it is a false sentiment, it is a make-believe. However well expressed, almost impelling you to weep, making you feel like responding, when you find that this pretence of love does not make any self-sacrifice you know what to think of it, and most of us, that belong to the circle of sentimental fools, are deluded if we take it for love. Love, as I have said in some of my lectures, is of three kinds; but the first two kinds are not love. The third only is love. Sometimes this love we see in the world ought to be called barter. "If you love me I will love you" This is barter. Sometimes one says: "I want you to love me and be mine and I will love you with all my heart and soul and strength and body. I love you; but you must be mine—mine only. You must be all mine." This is a sense of possession, not love. It is the aspiration of possession:—"I do not love you—I want to possess you." The third kind, the only kind that should be called by that dignified name, by that sacred name, by that God-name, love, is that which makes one sacrifice everything for its object. That means all-surrendering love, that which surrenders self and everything for the object. Then you know it is love. None can resist that love. And yet some people do. You have heard of men and women who have given such love to their adored and yet have not been recompensed or responded to. There are cruel, hard-hearted, irresponsible people; but they belong to the other kinds of "lovers." They do not know the majesty of this love which is the real article. Therefore they think that these manifestations of real love are mere weaknesses and they hate you all the more if you show it. They have not known what love is.

Love the Fruition of Spirituality.

Love, that highest of sentiments in the human breast, that all-abiding love, all-sacrificing love, is at the root of the soul, is the substance of the soul. It is the Lord God Himself, who is All Love. It does not matter whether the person who possesses it knows God or not, is religious or not, is spiritual or not, when you know his love by its sacrifice, by its increasing more and more daily, getting deeper and deeper—when you see such love in any person, however ignorant, however void of religion or void of spirituality, you must know that person has God in him, is greater than men who are more thought of in the world. Such a man will some day know what love is when, by the grace of God, he has been disappointed in the object of that love—may be in this birth or in the next—some day; when somebody will tell him that this love is not to be bestowed on a mortal who does not know what love is, cannot recognize it, who knows not that it comes from the source of love, from the soul, from God. Then that person will at once loom up as one of the greatest stars of the spiritual world. That person will be found to be one of the most spiritual; because he is already spiritual. Love is the fruition of spirituality.

Such a sentiment of love, wherever you find it, when you know that it reckes not of any disaster to itself, when it is given without any thought of self, when you find that it has uplifted the very person who is blessed with it, exalted the character of that person; then you know the Lord God is enthroned within that

breast, is manifesting himself within that breast. For love itself is God, love itself is spirituality—but the right sort of love: the love that I have tried to describe to you, to define to you, of which I have tried to give you a little glimpse. When I think within my heart, within my mind; when I try to feel what love is, this love that is the most sacred possession of a human being, I stand appalled at its majesty. I think that one, though a human being, that gets that love, is divine; is all divine.

Approach God Through Sentiment.

Even worship of God is sentiment. It is by sentiment that we can worship God, that we can come near God, that we can absorb God, that we can make him visible, tangible; make him to come near us and make him our playmate, as thousands of people have done in India and are doing in India to-day. That all-surrendering love that I am talking of, which is God Himself, which is the attribute of God—that all-surrendering love, God manifests more than we can do. For a little love that you give God, He gives you an ocean. If you surrender to him, sacrifice for him, a little of your worldly goods, a little of your possessions; if you take pains for him out of your love for him, He will take more pains, all pains; He will give up even his throne and come to you and stand before you, and will love you in any relation you want him to love you—as a brother; or, if you want him to love you as a servant, he will come and serve you. You cannot beat God in love because he is Love Itself. It is out of him that love flows; out of him love is spread into this universe. It is He that pervades as love, as the foundation of all things; it is he that is the substance of all life, that is the source of all life, the source of your very love that you are manifesting to him. How can you beat him in love?

Unbroken Happiness the Attribute of Love.

Yes, love is the highest sentiment; and it is this love that purifies everything that it touches. It graces everything. It is this love that we are all seeking. We are trying to find this love in this world's game. We are all trying to find this love, this love that is absolute, this love that is all-sacrifice, this love that is all entrancing, this love that is its own reward and satisfaction, this love which is the unbroken happiness, as the Vedas say it is. This unbroken happiness is the attribute of that love. When you feel that love, out of that love springs this happiness unbroken; unbroken happiness, continual happiness, that flows out of your soul and out through the pores of your body.

Love Absorbed Through Concentration.

To develop this sentiment of love the easiest course is, as I have so often said, to concentrate your mind upon one of the most radiant expressions of God, of that all love called God. Take Jesus if he appeals to you. Take Krishna if he appeals to you. Take Buddha if he appeals to you. These are some of the most radiant expressions of that All-Love called God. And when you concentrate upon Krishna or Buddha or Christ, knowing him to be the manifestation of All-Love, of absolute love, whose attributes are harmony, peace, happiness—when you so concentrate upon any of these radiant expressions of God, you will absorb all his attributes, all his love, if your concentration is absolute. But even if it is not absolute, if it is concentration, if it is well aimed concentration, if it is sincere concentration, if it is a concentration that has no selfishness behind it, no

selfish object of material life, you will absorb as much as you deserve; and when you absorb that love, when you absorb those attributes of God which dwell so permanently in these expressions of God, you will be filled with God-like virtues, with God-like attributes, with God-like love, and the sum and substance of them all will manifest in happiness, in joy eternal, the joy that will never leave you; the joy that will make you think all other things in the world are nothing compared with it; the joy that will dwell within you and will be your eternal friend and companion; the joy that will flow out of you and go to your neighbours, will go to your friends, will go to all with whom you will come in contact; the joy that will flow like the spray of a fountain out of you. Then that joy will be drunk by everybody, will satisfy many hungry souls, will feed many hungry souls. And then you will know that you are the most blessed mortal on this earth, that you have not only discovered this nectar of eternal joy, but that you can give it out to everybody. All these souls, all these poor unfortunate ones that are weary of this world and are heavy laden with sorrow, will get out of you this joy that you can only get from within.

It does not cost you anything, dear hearts; it does not cost you anything to get that joy. It costs you only a little thought, only a little concentration. It costs you only a little time; it costs you only a little perseverance, only a little devotion, and that devotion must be centered upon your soul or upon one of these radiant expressions of God. Try at least an hour daily. You cannot say that you have no time. It is wrong for you to say so; because, you have time which you fritter away, time which you misuse, time which you regret to have used so badly. You have enough time; all through your waking hours, you can find enough time. And perhaps you can get this time before you go to your work and after you get back from your work. Give time, a little time; to begin with, half an hour; and make it an hour—when you devote your mind to this concentration, the contemplation of one of these radiant expressions of God; or upon your own soul, knowing that it is a part of the All-pervading God who is All Love.

Concentrate on Love and You Absorb It.

If you only, even, will concentrate upon the word Love—upon all it means; you know what it means. Nobody need be told what love means. It is the one thing we all know. It is the one thing about which we have no ignorance. It is the one thing about which we are sure. It is the one thing that needs not to be explained. Upon this thing called love, with all its sentiments, with all its attributes, if you concentrate; even from out that word, out of that sentiment, that sentiment which you know to be the highest sentiment, to be the sentiment that embodies harmony, peace, happiness, you will absorb all its essence and attributes; and in time, if you keep on concentrating daily—daily—daily, without any break, you will some day be the possessor of that greatest treasure of life, unbroken happiness, unbroken joy, the joy that will make you so happy that this world of woe will be a paradise to you.

I am the One and All, the All in One, whom noises confuse not, nor disturb, for above the roaring of the thunder claps, above the booming of the rising waves, the first faint wail of the new-born infant I hear and smile at its coming.—
From "*Krishna*" by Baba Bharati.

THE GREAT YOG IN BENARES.

BY ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON.

ON THE second of February, 1908, there dawned for the Hindoo of India the most auspicious year in half a century, a day particularly meritorious for the purification of the body, soul and mind, a day rich with salvation, not only for one's self but for all ancestors who had long passed the limelight of this life into that of a newer day. And this salvation, this blessing was gained by bathing in the Ganges, that sacred river that to the Hindoo is considered no less than the liquidized love-energy of Vishnoo, the Great God. Coming through all the planes it is materialized into water as it reaches the earth plane to be man's great blessing here. This river is to the Hindoo not merely a stream that runs through the land to supply water to man and beast and field, nor is it looked on as a means to commerce and trade by them. It is to them first a purifier of the sins of the flesh, a spiritual blessing, then a material one.

The last Yog of this kind occurred seventeen years ago; it may not happen again in a century. Hence, it is interesting to meet a man who has been fortunate enough to witness one. This auspicious time, the Ardhoday Yog was the result of a conjunction of moon and sun and stars which took place on that day between the hours of 4-20 A.M. and 2-45 P.M. To take advantage of this rare opportunity thousands of pilgrims gathered in the cities and villages and roads that touched her waters. For weeks some of the pilgrims had been on the way, tramping on foot or riding in ox-carts, bringing with them their babies. Every family, no matter how poor, tried to send one of the household to represent the past, present and future at this greatest of festivals.

Many of them had come from great distances to observe this day and many a foot-sore pilgrim died on the way and others died of exhaustion on reaching there. But blessed beyond belief is the latter and envied by his family and others, for he who dies in Benares is fortunate, but he who dies there while on a pilgrimage is thrice so. Here they were from all corners of the land, many of them facing deprivations, risking all sorts of hardships, sleeping under the skies, perhaps, and depending on the stray pice or bits of food that some more fortunate pilgrim might give them, for a pilgrimage means also that to receive blessings one must give blessings.

In the larger cities the hand of the Government had smoothed the way for the visitors by putting up buildings for their convenience and special trams and trains at their disposal. Calcutta caught many of the pilgrims, for the river at a certain place in this city was considered especially auspicious at this conjunction of the planets, and here masses and masses of people had come to make professions to a faith ancient beyond our count of time.

I witnessed the bathers on this day at Benares, the Holy City of India, sacred to Shiva, the Destroyer of Evil. Here the river's banks were alive with worshippers, for the Ganges here, since time immemorial, has been said to be most sacred all the year round, and on this most meritorious occasion it had become like a hived city swarming with pilgrims. The Maharaja of Jeypore had invited us to his palace on the Ganges' bank; and there, from the turrets of this massive pile of gray stone, built in the Middle Ages by the emperor, we watched the bathers. With the first streak of dawn, like an army of ghosts gliding through the gray morning on some sacred mission they came from all directions. Hurrying through the narrow, crooked, stone-paved lanes down the great flights of stairs that lead to the water and with the cry of "Hail Mother Ganga—Haribol—Glory to Shiva!" they would plunge into the water with a religious fervor quite in keeping with so important an occasion.

The rich, the poor, the young, the old, man and woman, prince and pauper, Brahman and pariah, saint and prostitute, each rubbing shoulder with the other, pushing, crowding, shoving, looking neither to the right or left, up or down, all interest centered on one thing, having but one goal, knowing but one desire, seeing only one object beckoning them, and that the ever moving, glistening waters of the purifying stream—to feel its sacred waters upon them, to be made clean in body and mind and soul by its potency and receive the rich blessing not only for themselves but for those that were dear in this world and the next.

Such was the rich merit promised to worshippers on this day of days. All through the hours of bathing the sound of the conch shell, hymns and chants swelled the air. Garlands were thrown on the water's breast to bedeck and wreath her; baskets of flowers, red and yellow, white and blue, rich, fragrant and lovely; leaves, shining and green and smooth intermingled with the beauty of blossoms, and fruits, lucious and bright, were seen floating down the current all day. Women and children and comely maidens with unveiled faces came with sweet jasmine blooms which they strewed lovingly on the loved stream that licked their body while they murmured words of petition and praise and reverence unto it. On this day all caste was broken down and those of high and low degree alike came here to worship as children of one common Mother.

One might without effort dream one's self back to the Middle Ages while standing, a few hours later, when the sun was high, on the stairs of a famous ghat that led from the river to a huge pile of crumbling stone, the palace of some mighty Raja, who in the glory of the past days was absolute in power and fabulous in wealth, but whose descendents to-day bow beneath an alien rule. The hordes of bathers backed by the stretch of temples and age-old palaces with their parapets and sculptured friezes, their flat or turreted roofs over which white or gaily-draped figures lean in languid ease; the great stone ghat stairs of innumerable

steps that lead from the river bank to lanes and streets so narrow as to hardly allow the passage of three men abreast, and which separate all stone structures heavy with age and still inhabited by the descendants of the very men who built them hundreds of years ago—all these complete a picture medieval as those far-away days of the Crusades.

A young boy of thirteen, slender and aristocratic as a young princeling, after leading me out of a maze of turns and angles of a lane, informed me, in most perfect English, that his family had lived in one of those great stone structures for 400 years. He had never been out of Benares, nor did he have a desire to go. "This is a most holy city. I was born here and wish to die here also," he said. "I am most fortunate to be so privileged."

Almost all of the Hindoo Rajas and princes and men of wealth in India have a palace or dwelling on the Ganges' side, and here on occasions of religious festivity they come on pilgrimages. Here in Benares, as in no other city in the land, old India is found. There is no gas or electric light, no tram or bus; the night is kept from utter darkness by the moon's or stars' rays, or by a light made by a burning rush or with a wick in a pot of oil or ghee. There is a little two-wheeled cart in which three people sit, or four in an emergency, that is drawn by a horse; it is called an *ekka* by the Indian, a *Jingle Johnny* by the European; the latter name is evidently bestowed upon it on account of the merry jingle of the bells that are hung about the collar of the horse, keeping time with its trot. This little wagonette is covered by a gaily decorated top, as are the seats, and also the trappings of the horses are made beautiful by velvet, tinsel ornaments and colored ribbons. This, the bullock cart, and the *ghari* are the only means of transportation in Benares.

There is little space on the river bank that is not inhabited by some priest, ascetic, holy beggar, *fakir*, *yogi* or *yogini*. Here you will find a Brahman sitting on a raised platform, with a scroll of scripture before him chanting the purifying mantras as the bathers take their plunge; a little further on sits a priest with a huge straw umbrella over his head and the sacred sandalwood paste for the purified bather to bless himself with by drawing upon his brow and body the sacred signs that Shiva is said to delight in. Beyond is an ascetic lost in meditation, oblivious of all sounds, motion and color about him, still and motionless as a statue of bronze; next to him a monk, gray with the ashes sacred to Shiva smeared all over his body; then a *yogini*, a woman ascetic who has practiced certain *yogi* austerities, is seen cooking her handful of rice for herself or some sister companion. There, among these citizens of the Ganges' bank, you see a *yogi* sitting or standing in an unnatural posture that defies analysis, yet at the same time baffles the onlooker by a serene and smiling countenance at once strangely at variance with the cramped or strained position of limb and torso. Here too a monk is sitting, making

little figures of clay idols for the pilgrims at a pice ahead—or clay lamps which at night are to gleam and glisten on the water's waves like myriad fire-bugs in a wooded dell. Another ascetic is seen walking up and down the bank repeating, to all who will listen, discourse upon discourse of scriptural lore. Every hour of the day, of the week and month for years he has repeated them, until his voice, his face, his manner have taken on the very atmosphere of the words and their meaning. Bare-footed and bare-headed, with a garland flung round his neck, a yellow cloth wound round his loins, locks half the length of his back and a beard that might grace the face of a Moses, he walks tall and erect, with eyes that glow with enthusiasm and voice that likewise swells with it, a figure like the prophets of old, crying unto all the words that have been a potency unto his own soul. Then, at the other end of the river's bank quite away from the rest of the crowd, is a hermit with legs that are useless from long sitting in one position; he repeats one word only, a word of power and mystery, all through the days and nights. It is said that he performs many miracles by that one word alone; by it the sick have been healed, the blind made to see and the miserable happy. I saw him; he smiled and repeated the word and then seemed to lose sight of time and space as the word rang again and again and yet again from his smiling lips.

Now a number of men are making toward a ghat; the crowd opens for them for they carry on their shoulders a burden outlined by a white cloth and strangely still, stretched upon a litter; and as they come they are crying with a sharp and rising inflection the words "Haribol, say Haribol!—Take the name of Him who is the Stealer of the World's Sins." The refrain is caught up by the followers and the weird mournful chant, half sob half wail, is echoed by the crowd as the dead is taken to the burning ghat at the water's edge, where day and night the spirals of smoke rise from the funeral pyres, proclaiming that man who is flesh shall become ashes again.

Down a steep flight of steps comes a wee girl, docilely followed by a cow and calf, and a small boy with a tugging goat on a string; straight for the water's edge they make, for on this day it is good that beast as well as man should find blessing in bathing. The cow and calf give no trouble, they walk into the water and quietly wait to be immersed, they have been there before; but the goat objects with hoofs and horns, jumping stiffly up and down and butting against its fate. After a short struggle, with the help of the woman and the girl, the goat is uncereimoniously dumped into the water and held there a moment, and then as uncereimoniously hauled out again, still butting and blatting in protest against the indignity that had, however kindly meant, been put upon his goatship.

A monkey close by, one of the great army that plays no small part in the drama of that city, sits grinning and chattering in his ancestral

wisdom at the antics of the goat and the blatant complacency with which the cow accepts her blessing.

On the roofs of the houses, at the temples, on the streets, in the trees, these creatures, some raised to the stature of a tall boy, others tiny hairy baby monkeys, are seen. They are not averse to gulling you into the belief that they are perfectly honest and peace-loving, but should you accidentally leave a book or a wrap beyond your reach, these saucy nuisances will swing themselves from some unthinkable height, deftly filch it, and at a distance, tantalizingly near, wait to exchange it for a handful of food or fruit. During my stay I had learned that the best policy was to keep a stick in hand, a flourish of which would keep them at a distance. A pretty sight are the parrots that live in great flocks all over this part of India. They are a delightful contrast to their black and impish brother, the crow, that is so plentiful all over the land.

All morning of that festive day and again at twilight the pilgrims crowd to the temples to see the Arati, the ceremony of adoration of the Lord. The clash of cymbals, the beating of drums, the clang of the gong, the strain of the flute, the wail of the vina, the sound of tom tom together with the chant of priest, the exclamations of ecstasy from the onlookers, the song of praises and the murmuring of thousands of voices in the temple courtyard—all fill the air with sounds as unfamiliar to the Western ear as are the great waves of religious humanity that stretch into seas before the eye on this occasion. But, in all and over all, there is that earnest reverence, that holy enthusiasm significant of a people whose first and last thought is God; whose first, last, and only duty is devotion to their God; and whose first last and sole object in life is to know Him at whatever cost. All Benares might be designated as one great temple with innumerable shrines. All the gods seem to be represented here, and most of their shrines old beyond the memory of man. It is said that Benares was not built by the hands of men, and great foundations of stones, too heavy for handling with men's strength to-day, are pointed out to the interested visitors as proofs of this. "It rose into a city by the hands of the gods" some say, others, "Magic only could have brought it into being." And the onlookers will float down the stream on some flat-roofed barge and marvel at the great pile of stone with its massive proportions, its wonderful symmetry, and delicately carved frescoes, friezes and minarets that please the sense and charm the eye. But the marvel will be, not who built the city, nor how it was built, but how these people, these swarms of pilgrims, these childlike, simple people, old in wisdom young in heart, can year after year, with the young and newer worlds looking on, keep intact the faith of their gods as undisturbed and unperturbed as the forefathers who tramped on these same pilgrimages ages and ages ago through the centuries that are past unto the days that are now.

Conspicuous among the pilgrims were women, groups numbering from ten to one hundred, most of them widows who are easily known by their borderless white sâris and the absence of all ornaments. They come from the different villages and cities, engage a guide who knows the places of merit and who can arrange for accommodations for them. On all religious occasions the Hindoo widow is largely in evidence. Whatever her caste or the worldly prosperity of her family, she is the first and foremost partaker of all religious functions of the community. At the daily Arati ceremony she is the only woman allowed in the chamber; at a shrad ceremony she alone of all the household ladies has a voice in the matter. Her hands it is that prepare the most sacred food for the Lord's blessing, and she again it is who arranges the cloth that is used in the ceremony. She is the nun of the household, the example which the other women seek to emulate, be she a young childless widow or a mother of grown sons and daughters; she is a personage of importance in the religious strata of the home. And since religion is the underlying foundation of all Hindoo homes, the position of a Hindoo widow is by no means one to be despised. To appreciate the place the Hindoo widow holds in her own family or that of her husband's, one must first realize that renunciation stands first in the religion and philosophy of these people. Renunciation is the crown, and all that leads to the gaining of that crown is respected, revered and worshipped; and as the widow's chief aim and object in life after the affliction of her widowhood is to win this renunciation she demands a great share of these qualities. To this end she practices austerities; she enters into all channels that run to it; she lives the life of a nun; the habits of the ascetic are hers. And for this, her walking in the way that leads to that much desired boon, renunciation, she plays no small part in the domestic and social institutions of Hindoo civilization.

On rising in the morning, the younger members of the family hurry to her to take the dust of her feet and so be blessed. When any important enterprise is to be undertaken again her blessing is asked; for she is sacred, she is a widow for whom the world has become a wilderness, but for whom heaven and its joys are near. For is she not striving by the greatest and most effectual mount—renunciation, to reach that highest place in the bosom of the Most High? And because of this her blessing is most valued. So, we find many widows on these pilgrimages. The male members will rarely refuse her this privilege, for one of the laws of the Scriptures proclaims that pilgrimages should be hers even as it admonishes that the house where women weep and widows mourn shall know the curse of the inauspicious.

All pilgrims remain not less than three days at each holy city, they may stay longer. We watched many of them decamp. The women carried the children and clothes, the men the brass vessels hung on bam-

boo sticks flung over their shoulders and backs. Each vessel was full of Ganges water and clay from the bed of the river. This they took back as souvenirs to be distributed among those of the stay-at-home friends and relatives and villagers less fortunate than themselves. Loaded with these precious gifts of water and clay, they tramp back over the beaten path, perhaps hundreds of miles, maybe, only fifty. But they have witnessed an Ardhoḍay Yog, they had bathed in the Ganges on a great occasion when even the gods envied them. And now life, with all its cares and struggles, had no terror for them.

We were told that the famine now raging in many parts of India had prevented many thousands from going on this pilgrimage. Some were too weak to make the journey on foot, while others had not the wherewithal to feed themselves on the way, for the conditions in some of these parts are beyond description. Each day reports come to one's notice that sicken the heart with their horror. Villages there are that have become huge morgues by famine, and villages there are but communities of skeletons whose projecting ribs and backbone, deep pits at collar line and bony sticks for arms and legs are clothed only with a covering of loose, crinkled skin. All that was theirs, sâri, turban, bits of ornaments, cooking utensils and household goods, their one ox, cow or goat and farming implements, all gone to buy the few grains of rice or wheat which were to keep body and soul together until succor came. But when this was gone, roots were brought into play. They, too, were gone yet succor came not, and to-day these subjects of an alien rule are looking down a stretch of future so black and barren and hopeless that few dare to gaze upon it and still live.

An idea of the conditions may be drawn from the fact that where a year ago one rupee, thirty-two cents in American money, bought eleven seers of rice—a seer is two pounds—to-day the same amount of money will buy only five seers. And when one knows that, at best, when there is no famine and crops are good, all their pitiful earnings are spent on taxes and living, one can well understand how hopeless is their condition to-day when sometimes even the doors of their homes and stones of the threshold have been sold, as a last resort, to dodge for a little the slow death of starvation. India is in distress; and even where famine is not great, want is felt. Each day living becomes a greater and sadder problem and the immense population of these suffering poor is growing weaker each year under the strain of continued scarcity of food. Physically and mentally they are deteriorating, for where should brawn and muscle come from, where should intellect and high thinking develop when the stomach is empty and the eye sees no food forthcoming.

A great hope, however, is springing into life by the reviving of the native industries. Too long India has been a land receiving forced importations. All over the land reviving nationality is seen. This may

slowly and surely bring the workingman unto his own, all her children into supply for their needs and, thus, India into her place where her eyes are now fixed with all the intensity of her age-long concentration. May it be soon!

ONE OF THESE LITTLE ONES.

BY ELSA BARKER.

O little child, O wide-eyed wondering child!
Well do I know you are a captured wild
Bird from the outer blue, that beats its wings
Against the barriers of material things.
How many miles into the awful vast
Your mother must have soared—to seize you fast
And bring you back with her, to be a white
Proof of the fearless journey! The sunlight
Still half bewilders you, and in your sleep
You smile because the darkness is so deep
After the earth-glare, and the rest so kind
After the search for One you cannot find.

You are the Dream made flesh. You are the grail
Pilgrim—another, passionate and frail,
Leaving the House of Beauty for the quest
Of that high Vision by no man possest.
Indomitable must be God's desire
To realize Life's secret and acquire
Mastery, when He sends you one by one,
Externally, to question the bright sun
And the dark earth and the indifferent stars!
O Baby, will you pass the golden bars
Guarding the pathway to the Great Abode?
Or will you leave your dust to make the road
Softer for one who follows? I am blind,
Even as Love or Justice, and find
No answer to the riddle that has wrung
The souls of mothers since the world was young.

GIVE us, O give us, the man who sings at his work! He will do more in the same time,—he will do it better,—he will persevere longer. One is scarcely sensible of fatigue whilst he marches to music. The very stars are said to make harmony as they revolve in their spheres. Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its powers of endurance. Efforts, to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous, a spirit all sunshine, graceful from very gladness, beautiful because bright.—*Carlyle*.

THE MAN-MACHINE IN JAPAN

BY MERRY WALTON.

IT WAS a gray day with a gray sky casting its somber shadow over the quiet waters of Nagasaki harbor and the great white ship at anchor there—a gray, dull, dismal day with only occasional gleams of sunshine through the slanting showers. And yet it was a day whose monotony was enlivened by what in the West would have been commonplace and mechanical, but which, here in Japan, contains elements of unusual human interest, combining, as it does, more sober reflection with the thrill of bewildered surprise.

In the dim morning mist, like veil-draped spectres, flat coal barges made their slow way toward us with great sails unfurled. Little dancing sampans, sculled by one man and a single stout oar in the stern approached our boat from the fog-hung shore, carrying loads of Japanese men and women and children. In a trice our ship was attacked by midget men who swarmed up the sides and on the decks, as though to take us all by storm. With shrill shouts and cries they ran hither and thither on their nimble bare feet, dragging ropes, carrying bamboo poles, and swinging and scrambling from one deck to another in a haste that was all-confusing.

Then, suddenly, from out this seeming madness a method came in view and began to take shape before our eyes. Strong poles of bamboo, reaching from the ship to within one or two feet of the barges, were tied securely to the deck railings by heavy ropes. These poles formed the supports of the ladder-like stairs which these clever little Japs were constructing in twinkling swiftness while we looked on and wondered. The stairs were built from the top down, the wide wooden steps being tied together in sections of three, and then in turn lashed to the bamboo supports that were held away from the side of the ship by braces of bamboo of graded lengths. Thus were constructed in half an hour, without any foundation at the bottom, about twenty-five of these strong hanging stairs, capable of supporting the twenty men and women who were to stand upon them as they worked.

No pounding of hammer and nails, no buzz of saw, was heard in the construction of this framework—only the loud, guttural jargon of shouts and commands as the men clambered here and there, tying the steps together with wonderful knots which looked as though they might give way under the slightest weight.

Then, before we knew whether our ship had been raided by a horde of pirates or captured by some bold robber baron of the sea, the meaning of this strange proceedings was explained. 'Twas nothing half so exciting and we should have felt a great sense of relief, not disappointment, to find it was nothing more than the preparation for the peaceable onslaught of hundreds of tons of coal into the vast hold of our ship.

Whatever our feelings should have been, they contained only surprise and wonder at the magical swiftness and dexterity of these little brown men of Japan and the capable manner in which they could employ simple means and materials in accomplishing great ends.

If the builders had been busy, neither had the workers on the coal barges been idle. With each push and turn of the shovel they had been filling numberless baskets of soft straw matting with black lumps of coal. Barely were the ladders finished than sturdy men and strong young women, too, stationed themselves in two rows on the stairs, one person standing on each step and facing the one next above. With a wild shout, a basket containing some fifteen or twenty pounds of coal was swung into the hands of the man on the lowermost step; with an upward toss it was passed into the outstretched hands of the one above without resting a breath's pause in its passing, till it was landed in the gaping hold.

Great lumps and baskets of coal were tossed from one to the other as lightly and as airily as the soft breeze might puff a ball of thistledown. But, if for an instant the worker paused, the feather weight became a heavy load that slipped from his outstretched hands, unable now to hold it, reminding one of that old tale of the fairy gold that changed into dull iron when the finder sought to hoard it. The baskets of coal were carried along like cups on a moving belt, being borne upward by their own momentum which gained added impetus at each new impulse from below. Whence did the Japanese, not long ago considered a half barbarous nation, get knowledge of this scientific fact and, what is more, the practical application of it? Verily, the West may raise their eyes from their half learned lessons to find many of them long since mastered by the East.

Through it all, the rain continued to fall; but the ardor of the workers was not dampened nor their labor slackened by the steady showers. They were barefooted, clothed in coarse blue cotton and protected above by a miniature straw umbrella of a hat. Some had the additional protection of a shaggy rain coat of dried palm leaves which made them look like moving straw stacks. All, men and women and boys alike, worked together blithely, heartily, laughing, chattering and shouting, or resting when a barge was emptied, taking advantage of the time to eat the simple lunch of rice and fish which they had brought with them. One brave little mother, probably some soldier's widow, worked the long day through with her baby strapped to her back. A coin tossed among the black masses of coal would bring them running in eager, merry and always successful search for it.

All day long the busy work went on. Like great, swarming ants storing some gigantic ant-hill these little giants worked, passing countless baskets of coal in endless chain into the mammoth interior of our ship, supplying her engines with fit pabulum for the coming voyage.

Night alone saw the completion of these labors that had begun with the dawn. For one day 700 people had been employed in loading something like 2700 tons of coal into the *Minnesota*. In one day, with human force and rude appliances, had been done what had taken eight days in Seattle with ten men and machinery to accomplish, and better done, too, according to the words of the Captain himself, in spite of our vain boastings.

And what beside the coaling of a ship had taken place that day? Seven hundred people, a small village in fact, had added one more day's earnings to their store—scanty wages, it is true, only a few cents each, but sufficient for the simple wants of these children of Nature. The havoc which the introduction of our labor-saving machinery would create among these busy bands of people it is easy to imagine. Where now a hundred are employed at a pittance sufficient to enable them to live in comparative contentment, one would be employed at increasingly higher wages—and the added gain of a wealth of dissatisfaction with his surroundings, commonly described as ambition. But what of the ninety and nine? Verily, among other lessons being conned and studied by the West, may not the East have learned the great one of industrial economics, that labor divided is living provided?

SAYINGS OF KRISHNA

HE WHO dwells upon Me with the eyes of his mind finds in Me the delight of life. For I am that which is the source of all that giveth satisfaction to man and beast and all that is in the world. To find its delight, which is in Me, all Nature gives expression in manifoldness. The eternal urge of Creation within man and Nature is but the effort to find Me. The accumulation of all desires am I, also the delight for which all living atoms unfold am I. There is no place in all Nature that does not reach to Me as its goal, for from Me all has come and toward Me all is turning. Therefore, fix your eyes upon Me and know the fulfillment of all desires.

Make each to-day a realization of yesterday's highest and most worthy hope.

To be good is the strong trunk on the root of Life; to do good its wholesome and luscious fruits.

When the heart of man becomes restless and full of fear, then has it lost anchor; for he who has anchored himself in Me knows not fear or lack of rest, for the swallower of these qualities am I. I disperse them with a breath and put in their place the Peace that cannot be disturbed and the Rest that is without flaw, for the dispenser of good am I and the bestower of permanent excellencies upon the seeker of My Love.

STORIES OF INDIA

BY ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON

WHEN LOVE AWOKE.

MITHOO WAS the son of a mighty Hindoo hunter, and, like his father, his fame had gone forth among the people of his caste and those of other castes as one whose arrow, speeding like the wind from his bow, never missed its mark. Ere he had reached in height to the thigh of his father, the bird on the wing fell at his feet with an arrow through its vitals. A wild thing spied by him was his dead prey. The fearless heart, the steady aim, the hunter's eye, had come to him from generations of ancestors whose caste had marked them as killers of wild things. The hole of the fox, the lair of the cayote, the nest of the owl, and the thicket that was the home of the wild deer, its gentle mate and playful young—all were known to him, and if he failed to slay them when the knowledge of their whereabouts was his, it was but to wait for the litter of young that would soon swell his hunting bag.

"The bold, brave son of a mighty father," the hill people were wont to say of him as they watched his great arm swell to the drawing of his bow. "Yea, the very flower of his caste," they again said as his throat arched to spy the flying eaglet that was to be at his feet, arrow-pierced, the next instant. "What a husband for the up-country girl! How the gods have smiled on her," a brown eyed maiden sighed as she watched him trudging through the forest burdened under the weight of game thrown across his straight, young back.

Mithoo heard not these things. The praise or blame of the jungle people, the sighs and smiles of the maidens passed o'er him as winds o'er the hills' crest. He loved his bow; his arrow was to him a scepter, and the forest creatures, feathered and furred, were the subjects he conquered and killed and who made him king of the vast jungle kingdom. Thus he lived, the pride of his father, the much praised one of his caste, the envy of the young men, and the desire of many a maiden's heart.

But a night came when Mithoo left his father's hut and went toward the village, and the jungle saw him not that day or the next. The people whispered that the time had come for him to bring his bride to his father's house and the maids on hearing it sighed and wished such an one as he, who was big and strong and brave, would come to take them unto his home as wife. They murmured among themselves: "None is there like him with brow so round and full, with arms so long and rugged. His eyes are like the nearing night, and like the hill he stands firm and sure. And, too," they said, "no wife will be hungry with him to kill for her. And he will have sons that will come forth beautiful and brave as he."

On the third day at eventide an ox-cart drove through the village into the jungle. The figure of Mithoo, tall and straight, was outlined

in the dusk, and at his side a slight being wrapped in a sâri and veiled, too, was spied. The deep twilight lay on the world of trees as the cart neared the hut. Not a word was spoken by either, but when the oxen stopped, Mithoo turned to look upon his bride. Out of the darkness her eyes shone on him like stars. The next morning the jungle again beheld the young giant with bow and arrow, his quick eye and ready feet, gliding through its aisles. At a little distance he beheld a deer, a female, who wandered a little from her young to drink. He lifted his bow on the instant that she turned her great eyes out of the dark of the thicket where she stood. And lo, they shone like the stars that had gazed out of the darkness on him the night before and were the eyes of his bride. All the blood that had made him and his people for generations killers of the wild left his heart, and a great chant of love rose therein. His bow dropped and he stooped to pick it up. As he did so, his hand came in touch with the brown soft earth and it was as the touch of her hand as she had alighted from the cart last night.

As the same spring-earth crumbles in the hand of the gardener, so the pride of the conqueror of the jungle had been in him crumbled, and in its place came the desire to let live and take no more the life of the defenseless. Over his head came the soft flutter of a young dove's wing. The coo, thick and soft in its throat, the sound that long had been the herald of a prey, awoke in him the echo of her voice last night. He wished to take all those young, gray, soft flying ones and put them on the highest branches of the great green trees that overshadowed him and let them swing their sweet lives away amid the moistures and winds, the sun and odors of the kingdom, with himself but a subject and they, the rightful dwellers there, the rulers. An eaglet far overhead poised a little. Instinctively his arm made aim, but it was as if its head, young and unafraid, arched over a swelling throat even as hers did, and he held the arrow clasped tightly between his fingers and would not let it fly. The eaglet soared and vanished. The hunter with a cry, half of pain half joy, shot his arrow far into the jungle and broke his bow over his mighty knee.

Then the spring gladness crept over him and life's joy welled in him and the birds' songs maddened him with their beauty. The morning flowers blinded him with wonder; the cries of the animal world came from far and near and he answered them. He reached out his arms to the kingdom of the jungle and knew he would be king over them no more. He gave up his scepter, and his crown he cast down. He lay on the wet, dank grasses and clucked to the insects and chanted to the roots of the trees, and the tears came to his eyes like the tears that splash from the eyes of a child. He clutched the earth and kissed it and inhaled its odor. The spirit of Nature took him in her arms and caressed him, for love had come to him and love had made him kind, and Nature loves the loving.

THE NATIONALISM OF NIPPON

BY BABA BHARATI

THAT THE Westernization of Japan is a world-wide delusion I have said in my article "The White Peril" published in the second number, volume first, of this magazine. I drew that conclusion from deep and close study of the Japanese people and literature about them during my stay in America. Since then I have visited Japan on my way back to India and I have been more than confirmed in that conclusion from studying them on the spot. Indeed the conscience and consciousness of up-to-date Japan affords the most serious and intricate study to any deep thinker of the day, whether he be of the East or of the West. To the superficial observer, the recent more than wonderful exploits of the Japanese would appear to have been the results of their almost wholesale Westernization in mind and method. A more erroneous idea never took possession of a rational man and insulted the prestige of his brain. And yet most Western thinkers of the day have not merely entertained it, but prided themselves upon the implied inference that Japan owes her overshadowing glory to Western teachership. No wonder our own Indian brothers, who have dedicated all their thinking to Western thinkers, have accepted the same erroneous conclusion as *the* fact of it all.

The Japanese people owe their present material and physical greatness to their moral strength and world-old intelligence. That moral strength is born of their religious beliefs whose vibrations have more and more brightened their intelligence as centuries have passed along. Outsiders make a great mistake in thinking and saying that the Japanese are not a religious people; that, on the other hand, they are rather materialistic judging from their love of money and trade. These outsiders think and say so because the Japanese concepts of religion and religious practices are not like their own, and because they are not only not fully religious themselves but are ignorant of the inner laws of religion. Religion is the outer concrete expression of spirituality, so that the aim and object of religion is to develop spirituality. What is spirituality but the atmosphere of the Spirit whose substance is the eternally vibrating radiance of the soul, the portion of the all-pervading God in man? The practical creed of the main Japanese religion, Shintoism, is the worship of their gods and ancestors who, according to their belief, become gods after death. Therefore, in worshipping gods and ancestors—who have become gods—the Japanese worship divine beings, for gods are the materialised manifestations of the Attributes and Forces of God the summing-up of which God, in His Energy, is. By daily loving contemplations of these concentrated manifestations of the Attributes and Forces of God, the Japanese absorb, more or less according to the degree of concentration, some of these Attributes and Forces. This

creates within them a divine atmosphere, a spiritual sense, little by little through their daily meditation and service of the gods by the offering of food and drink. These offerings build sentiments of devotion along with the prayers.

Then the Japanese love and adore their King, the Mikado, whom they believe to be a descendant of Amâ the first Mikado, who was an Incarnation of God. That this Amâ is a corruption of Râma there is not even the smallest doubt, for the additional evidence furnished by the fact that, according to the Japanese traditions, the Mikados are born in the line of the Sun-mother which is nothing more or less than that they are descendants of the Solar Race of Kshatriyas to which our Râma Chandra, the Divine Incarnation, belonged. I discussed this point at some length in some previous issues of this magazine. But whatever may be at the bottom of this coincidence, the fact remains that the Japanese, in loving the Mikado as a fleshly manifestation of the Supreme Being, with all the deepest homage other peoples render to God or His Incarnation, practically love God. Whether the Mikado is Heaven-descended or not it does not matter the least. It is the Japanese belief in him that counts. If anybody worships a thief believing him to be a saint, he worships a saint and *not a thief*, and absorbs the essence of the saintly qualities which he knows constitutes the individuality of a saint. In the same way, the Japanese loving homage of their divine Mikado absorbs the qualities and the spirit of divinity which they know an Incarnation of the Deity must possess.

The Japanese worship of their King is no lip-worship. It is a whole-hearted worship as I have seen it in Japan. Not only everything of and about the Mikado is holy, but the average Japanese will do anything for or at the command of the Mikado, and lay down his or her life at his bidding or to serve him. It is a unique devotion, unparalleled in these modern times—this king-worship by a whole people. It reminds one of the old days of India, of Râma Chandra and the people of Ajodhya whose love for their beloved king was even more than their love for their own flesh and blood. Thus Shintoism and Mikadoism have helped the Japanese to be doubly spiritual. But it is the spirituality of energy, its force being absorbed from the Energy-Attributes of God and the Representative of the Energy-Incarnation of God which they firmly believe the Mikado to be. Passionate devotion itself, such as the Japanese feel and exhibit toward their gods, ancestors and King, generates a mind-force which feeds one of the greatest moral dynamos in the world. It is these human dynamos of moral force that have achieved all the unheard-of successes in the field of Manchuria and the seas, as well as in every other sphere of Japanese activity. The knowledge of shooting, bombarding and efficient management of moving armies can be learnt almost in a twinkling by any intelligent race of men, but the extraordi-

nary dexterity and valor and heroism, almost unparalleled in recent history, not to speak of the impenetrable tactics and large-hearted diplomacy and noble treatment of the enemy are all due to the highest order of moral force born of highly developed spiritual instincts. The patriotism of Japan is not the patriotism of modern European countries or of America. The patriotism of Japan is the patriotism of the oldest world, an all-round patriotism whose conscience and energy are derived from the soul and exalts the patriot in every respect. Such patriotism is not born in such materialized soils as the Western or Mahomedan countries. It is the only possible in lands where religion is the chief business of human life, and where God is the one goal of that life. It is possible in Japan, even in China, and most of all—in India, the very soul of the earth.

Thus the nationalism of Nippon is an innately native and an all-round indigenous nationalism, its mainsprings and roots are deep down in her whole-souled divine worship, in the forms of Shintoism and sacred devotion to the king. Her higher class people may have donned the armours of Western civilization and adopted the methods of Western warfare and Western ways and tricks of trade only to protect their country from the aggressive onslaughts of Western powers in fields of battle and commerce; but in her heart, and in her soul Nippon, with her old-world, all-enduring institutions, is enthroned in all her ancient glory. Her conscience is linked with the conscience of the past, her consciousness guards the twin deities thereof—devotion to gods and ancestors and the divine king. As Mr. Okakura-Kakuzo, the great Japanese writer has aptly put it, that it is the Renaissance of Shintoism that has built up once again the nationalism of Japan. Go to Japan and study her people closely and carefully with the light of a wisdom, unshadowed by the darkness of new-fangled ideas of life called "civilization," and you will find that the average Japanese lives almost ignorant of new world ways and habits of life. His mind moves in the old grooves of thought as his feet trudge along old ways of life.

Even this great war, with all its one-sided glories of victory, failed to excite any extraordinary interest. While in Japan I was told by our Hindoo merchants and students that during the process of the war, the Japanese people lived and acted as if they were living in the most peaceful times. Not that they did not know there was such a big war going on. The papers published full details of each event and they read them. Yet they went on getting through their daily routine of life just as they have done always, oblivious of their great exploits in Manchuria, only evincing some little temporary excitement when fresh troops left the country for the seat of war. It seems the Japanese mind did not think it was their business to be anxious about the results of the war when their Heavenly Mikado was guarding their interests. The Mikado was infallible, the Mikado was divine, the Mikado was the Mikado.

the descendant of the All-Powerful God; how could anybody cope with him; nay, not even heavenly hosts could defeat him. And were not the gods helping the fight? Were not their great godly ancestors backing each fighting Nipponese with all their mighty strength and valor? No, the war was in the best of hands, in divine hands, and hence it was an insult to the Mikado, the gods and the ancestors to get anxious about what they had taken charge of.

Such confidence of a whole people in King and divine dispensation is the rarest in this world of superabundant scepticism and surging selfishness. And it has been possible for Japan to exhibit it because her national consciousness is based upon divine belief. She has borrowed this belief in the gods from the Hindoos whose god-worship is as old as the hills. It is only "educated" and denationalized Hindoos that have lost faith in both the gods and God. These godless Hindoos are just now trying to build a new spirit of nationalism with materials entirely outlandish and until they find out their greivous error and build with indigenous mental materials, all their efforts are bound to fail. Let them study Japan aright and she will furnish them with the right lesson, by following which their object will be realised. By studying the inner consciousness of the Japanese by the light of their daily home and social life, they will get into the mystery of their unique and unparalleled feeling of patriotism—why all Japan feels like one man, thinks like one man, acts like one man. It is Japan's practical religiousness which has kept her consciousness immersed in the soul-realm, whether she knows it or not; that is the cause of the absolute unity of her people's minds and hearts. Let Hindoos, who are the parents of the religion of god-worship and ancestor-worship, take care of their gods and ancestors and their gods and ancestors will take care of them. Then only India will feel, think and act like one man. Vedantism is all right, but Vedantism's God is All-Spirit. Vedantism is the science of religion. Let them devote themselves to religion—Dharma, whose God is Iswara, the Energy-Expression of the God of Spirit, the Iswara whose Attributes are manifested in the entities called the gods—the Devas—and by that devotion they would absorb the energy of Iswara and of the Devas and, thus, filled with divine energy, they would dare or do more than even the Japanese have dared or done.

O my children, to Me ye have come for light and wisdom; but still the doors of your souls unopened are, or else you would partake of the love and wisdom I drop at your feet. Do you take of its warmth and blessing, I ask it. The love that you seek all-pervading is, of wonderful might and beautiful. A conqueror it is too. The root of all pleasure it is, the day of every soul. It teacheth the untutored heart, it winneth and quickeneth the dead and dull conscience. But he who knoweth My love remembereth the blessedness and blessings, and recognizeth not evil and darkness, But he who knoweth it not, doth forever dwell in the land of darkness and is a child of blindness even in his infancy.—From

nary dexterity and valor and heroism, almost unparalleled in recent history, not to speak of the impenetrable tactics and large-hearted diplomacy and noble treatment of the enemy are all due to the highest order of moral force born of highly developed spiritual instincts. The patriotism of Japan is not the patriotism of modern European countries or of America. The patriotism of Japan is the patriotism of the oldest world, an all-round patriotism whose conscience and energy are derived from the soul and exalts the patriot in every respect. Such patriotism is not born in such materialized soils as the Western or Mahomedan countries. It is the only possible in lands where religion is the chief business of human life, and where God is the one goal of that life. It is possible in Japan, even in China, and most of all—in India, the very soul of the earth.

Thus the nationalism of Nippon is an innately native and an all-round indigenous nationalism, its mainsprings and roots are deep down in her whole-souled divine worship, in the forms of Shintoism and sacred devotion to the king. Her higher class people may have donned the armours of Western civilization and adopted the methods of Western warfare and Western ways and tricks of trade only to protect their country from the aggressive onslaughts of Western powers in fields of battle and commerce; but in her heart, and in her soul Nippon, with her old-world, all-enduring institutions, is enthroned in all her ancient glory. Her conscience is linked with the conscience of the past, her consciousness guards the twin deities thereof—devotion to gods and ancestors and the divine king. As Mr. Okakura-Kakuzo, the great Japanese writer has aptly put it, that it is the Renaissance of Shintoism that has built up once again the nationalism of Japan. Go to Japan and study her people closely and carefully with the light of a wisdom, unshadowed by the darkness of new-fangled ideas of life called "civilization," and you will find that the average Japanese lives almost ignorant of new world ways and habits of life. His mind moves in the old grooves of thought as his feet trudge along old ways of life.

Even this great war, with all its one-sided glories of victory, failed to excite any extraordinary interest. While in Japan I was told by our Hindoo merchants and students that during the process of the war, the Japanese people lived and acted as if they were living in the most peaceful times. Not that they did not know there was such a big war going on. The papers published full details of each event and they read them. Yet they went on getting through their daily routine of life just as they have done always, oblivious of their great exploits in Manchuria, only evincing some little temporary excitement when fresh troops left the country for the seat of war. It seems the Japanese mind did not think it was their business to be anxious about the results of the war when their Heavenly Mikado was guarding their interests. The Mikado was infallible, the Mikado was divine, the Mikado was the wisest of sages, the Mikado was

the descendant of the All-Powerful God; how could anybody cope with him; nay, not even heavenly hosts could defeat him. And were not the gods helping the fight? Were not their great godly ancestors backing each fighting Nipponese with all their mighty strength and valor? No, the war was in the best of hands, in divine hands, and hence it was an insult to the Mikado, the gods and the ancestors to get anxious about what they had taken charge of.

Such confidence of a whole people in King and divine dispensation is the rarest in this world of superabundant scepticism and surging selfishness. And it has been possible for Japan to exhibit it because her national consciousness is based upon divine belief. She has borrowed this belief in the gods from the Hindoos whose god-worship is as old as the hills. It is only "educated" and denationalized Hindoos that have lost faith in both the gods and God. These godless Hindoos are just now trying to build a new spirit of nationalism with materials entirely outlandish and until they find out their greivous error and build with indigenous mental materials, all their efforts are bound to fail. Let them study Japan aright and she will furnish them with the right lesson, by following which their object will be realised. By studying the inner consciousness of the Japanese by the light of their daily home and social life, they will get into the mystery of their unique and unparalleled feeling of patriotism—why all Japan feels like one man, thinks like one man, acts like one man. It is Japan's practical religiousness which has kept her consciousness immersed in the soul-realm, whether she knows it or not; that is the cause of the absolute unity of her people's minds and hearts. Let Hindoos, who are the parents of the religion of god-worship and ancestor-worship, take care of their gods and ancestors and their gods and ancestors will take care of them. Then only India will feel, think and act like one man. Vedantism is all right, but Vedantism's God is All-Spirit. Vedantism is the science of religion. Let them devote themselves to religion—Dharma, whose God is Iswara, the Energy-Expression of the God of Spirit, the Iswara whose Attributes are manifested in the entities called the gods—the Devas—and by that devotion they would absorb the energy of Iswara and of the Devas and, thus, filled with divine energy, they would dare or do more than even the Japanese have dared or done.

O my children, to Me ye have come for light and wisdom; but still the doors of your souls unopened are, or else you would partake of the love and wisdom I drop at your feet. Do you take of its warmth and blessing, I ask it. The love that you seek all-pervading is, of wonderful might and beautiful. A conqueror it is too. The root of all pleasure it is, the day of every soul. It teacheth the untutored heart, it winneth and quickeneth the dead and dull conscience. But he who knoweth My love remembereth the blessedness and blessings, and recognizeth not evil and darkness. But he who knoweth it not, doth forever dwell in the experience of darkness, and is a child of blindness even in his infancy.—From "*Krishna*" by *Baba Bharati*.

THE HANGMAN

(An Illuminating Story of Reincarnation, Translated from the French of Francis Lemuel for the "Light of India")

BY SELINA MOESLE.

WE HAD passed the evening at the *Variétés* in honor of Flove, the critic's friend, little Mingard, Felicia Mingard, an actress, whose uncertain success we tried thus to push a little. And toward two o'clock in the morning, I cannot say why nor how, after a supper of lobster à l'Américaine and champagne at Sylvain's, we found ourselves in Galdette's studio, waiting for the dawn, sipping strange beverages out of odd cups. There was de Livel, the faultless and elegant de Livel; Birde, the novelist, author of the story, *L'Insensuelle*, a romance of doubtful character; Flove of the *Panurge*; Arsene Tiard, a budding financier; Marloff, of whom I will speak presently; Galdette, the painter of posters, and myself, who am of little account. In all, seven fellows discussing, with more or less spirit and knowledge—I will not say talent—questions of art and literature.

And with the aid of the wine, our brains began to be clouded with the alcoholic vapors, just as the studio grew cloudy from the smoke of our cigarettes and pipes. It was just the hour for nonsensical paradoxes and absurd propositions, which each one holds and develops to please himself, for his sole benefit, talking as though to himself, not caring much whether he has an audience or not, and forming in this manner a strange part of a fantastic medley, where philosophy, art, science, literature, in short, all that goes to make up the interest of a material life are mixed together.

Birde, half asleep, divulged, under the seal of secrecy, a plot for an Etruscan story, which Mucha was to illustrate. Galdette, our host, not satisfied with his success of the year, railed against the "magnificent stupidity of the masses." He had enough of posters, and wanted to "throw up this dirty business" and take up sculpture. Saying which, he showed us an exquisite cast, a Virgin of Paphos, extremely original, too original and too perfect to please the dealers of the so-called artistic stupidities and knick-knacks in vogue, who supply the general public. And Galdette grew indignant:

"The man of the middle class? Full of conceit, he thinks he knows and knows nothing, one who denies what he cannot understand and understands little and who is only interested in the quotations, rise and fall of the market. This creature needs an art which gives him his own image, neither more nor less, because he thinks himself beautiful and his ideal cannot rise above his own particular style of beauty. To this is due the success of Ohnet, of Delpit, of Tinsseau and of hosts of others; we have to thank this for the monstrosities of the *Salon* for paintings. Their criterion in literature is the *Iron Master*; in painting, the *Dream* by Detaille, two middle-class triumphs. Give them with these a few obscene pictures to please them and you have the *bourgeois* art, the Latin art, the art of decadence, the art of every epoch, where the inferior and women reign. It is disgusting, but it is true."

This allusion to the antique world furnished Flove with a subject. He joined on to it bit by bit a conversation, but without the slightest connection with Galdette's rigmarole. Grotesque and short of breath, bloated with fat and importance, sprawling on a sofa, with vest unbuttoned and necktie loose, he began his harangue with a tender emphasis on his well-known hobby, History, with a capital H. For this gossipier of the Boulevards, superficial, scandal-loving, is fond of appearing as an erudite searcher of archives and documents. He is full of unpublished citations, stolen from autograph-dealers' catalogues, etc., and is not less rich either in so-called historical quotations and little-known anecdotes, which he manufactures after the fashion of the late Vaudeville-writer Rougemont and which he loans generously to well-known men, whose influence he covets.

Aside from this, as ignorant as a crab—with that proud and sickly ignorance, which does not even wish to learn—and a complete denier of everything pertaining to the immortal. He criticises, attacks, he takes to pieces, he destroys and annihilates all other beings; he pulls out all ideas and institutions by the root and sows in the soil thus made bare the spirit of his greasy personality.

On this evening, Felibien Flove ("Fli-fli" to the girls) demolished the century of Louis XIV and that attack, although covering well-known ground and things, was sufficiently sensible. The short, chopped-off sentences, uttered with a nasal twang and a Southern accent, which he had failed to rid himself of, were heard above the low talk of the others, as in an orchestra the penetrating sound of the cornet can be heard above the bass instruments.

"Forty-two years of civil wars, yes, my children—fighting everywhere. Then come the religious wars—Discord—intrigue—ridicule—treason. And this in the great century—and this great century led to a frightful persecution—forced conversion—cruelties—blind fanaticism—wholesale emigration. Out of this Voltaire was born—Michelet had said somewhere: 'Voltaire is the solution of the great century.'"

A solemn voice interrupted: "There is no solution; there never was a solution; there never will be a solution."

Flove, proud to have been able to call up an echo from somewhere and who did not easily relinquish a word, when he had it once, took hold immediately of this new idea.

"You are right, Marloff—This is very true—there is no solution—this word is stupidly conceited, nothing is vainer. This would make a fine story; I must think about it some of these days."

And while waiting to write about it, Flove went to work to build up in words the outlines of his article:

"There is no solution. All solution is but vanity. Solomon has forgotten this one; it is true it did not belong to his time. Ah! this idea pleases me. There is no solution. Each task is enough for its day, all we have to do is to treat it with the light we have that day and let the consequences take care of themselves. In political problems, the solution is a constitution, in art and fiction it is a plot, is it not so? Well then, are not the constitutions and plots the unsolved sides of history and literature? Everything crumbles here. Nothing stands upright. No, no, nothing is solved. You are right, Marloff; they roll along as best they can, without ever arriving at a perfect understanding of themselves. As for human beings, well, the only solution is death."

"Not even death, especially not death," spoke up the grave voice.

This time Flove did not answer. He knew Marloff's metaphysical tendencies and he did not feel capable of following him into a ground where his made-up citations and imaginary anecdotes would be of no use to him. And then, too, Marloff had been drinking quite a little champagne during supper and was, just now, in the act of concocting the third cup of a murderous mixture, composed of cold tea, maraschino, rum, champagne and a special liquor, which he called essence of pepper and which did not belie its name. Then too, everyone knew that intoxication made Marloff well nigh savage, and that, in that state, the slightest contradiction or the smallest misunderstanding provoked in him attacks of fury and rage.

"No," he repeated again, in a defiant tone and as if he were looking for a possible quarrel, "no, not even death, especially not death—Do you hear, Flove? Especially not death!"

A type, this Marloff. We called him Russian, because his name seemed to indicate that origin, but every one thought, without proof however, that he hid his real name under this Russian one. How did we get to know him? That would

be very difficult to trace exactly. He belonged to the Paris Boulevards. One met him everywhere where it is necessary to be seen from time to time at certain days and hours; in the theatres and behind their curtains, in offices of certain worldly newspapers, at the ambassadors', in the rows of Montmartre and in the night restaurants. His profession? Journalist—that is a very large field and holds one to nothing in particular. What did he live from? Mystery. He made a good appearance and did not borrow, he was received at the Russian embassy and even dined at times with the ambassador, a thing very much in his favor. However, his life raised a number of hypotheses. Some put him down as a spy of the Russian government, others as a refugee of a noble family. And as mystery engenders mystery, vague stories of duels floated about, an elopement with a woman, a husband killed or murdered; or some regimental adventure, grave insults to a superior, a scandal hushed up by order; or even a horrible revenge, a savage and dark deed of an oriental cruelty; all these possible acts, however, committed through a foolhardy love for adventure.

In reality, nothing was known, except, in hearing him talk, one found out he had been a military man, even an officer. He did not say so, but certain allusions, certain words led one to suppose it. He told, however, many curious stories, but without ever playing any other part in it than that of a looker-on; even then he did not emphasize his presence, and when one expected some more personal detail that could have thrown a little light on his past, the story was finished and the curtain fell. In patching together all these gathered bits, the result was nil and the mystery remained mystery.

A few eccentricities were attributed to him, but which, when taken all together, had nothing more remarkable in them than other peculiarities of Peter or Paul. Some one had seen him at a friend's, whose guest he was in Fontainebleau, walk in the garden along the rows of fruit-trees with hands in his pockets and helping himself to the nicest peaches he found. When this fact was known, Flove said, "A Cossack! A savage!"

Galdette, on the contrary, remarked, "A clever fellow, who knows what is good. Perhaps, taking it altogether, a little of both. At any rate, the act lacked refinement just a little."

Well educated and a good talker, it pleased him often to propose maxims of dizzy paradoxes and it reminded one, to hear him trying to work out these untenable propositions, of the chime of some worn-out time-piece, which sounded all right, but could not keep time any longer.

He professed, besides, a horror of established things, an almost insulting disdain where the great interests of life were concerned; he made fun of them; then when he stopped being sarcastic, he became serious and almost silent. Marloff wrote some very original things, although sometimes in a rather confused style. For instance, he published in a psychological review a very strange study of Plato, Moses and Mephistopheles, in which he analyzed and compared the discourses of *Diotima* in the *Banquet*, the construction of the Judaic tabernacle with the hermaphroditic cherubs, and the second part of Goethe's *Faust*. Mysticism, archeology, philosophy, spiritualism, occultism, all these were mixed up, and made of that article a very learned, but absolutely senseless work.

Until now we had only suspicions of his leanings toward the mysterious and of his taste for esoteric sciences. We found out through that article, that he was connected with Mrs. Besant, with the duchess of Pomar, with Papus, with Colonel de Rochas and other apostles of contemporaneous occultism and spiritualism as Lombroso, Ochorowitz, Sardou, Edison, Crookes. From time to time he spoke about it, rarely, it is true, but we knew that he was in communication with spirits, with "souls in the state of liberty"—this is what he called them in a very serious tone. So he told us of a young woman, whom, he assured us, he had had as sister in a previous existence, who appeared to him in a visible and tangible form as often as he so desired. But he never consented to call her in our presence.

Perhaps these visions had to be taken like those alcoholic hallucinations to which Musset, Poe, and Hoffman were subject. No one has cleared up these things.

Physically he was tall, thin, blonde, with a somewhat hard expression; the lower part of his face heavy, with protruding teeth, indicating an almost brutal, tyrannical will; his lips thin, barely hidden by a sparse mustache. And strange fact, in spite of his elegance and being used to the ways of the fashionable world, he lacked distinction; he had in him something almost vulgar, an inborn vulgarity, which betrayed itself in his walk, in certain unguarded, unconscious and involuntary gestures and movements, a stain he had not been able to get rid of.

Seated in a corner of the studio, on a pile of oriental cushions arranged to suit himself, leaning on his elbow, he mixed with a serious air, after a formula known to himself alone, the especial combination, for which the required ingredients—flasks, bottles, etc., were put on the carpet by his side. When the cup was full, a Scandinavian drinking-cup which Galdette had brought with him from Jutland, he poured in a few drops of the famous pepper essence, then having stirred the whole with a boxwood spoon, he drank, in one draught, a good half of its contents. This done, Marloff lit a cigarette and made himself as comfortable as possible on his cushions.

"No, death does not solve anything," he repeated as to himself. "And besides, why should it solve? It is but an interlude. It is not the end. There is no end. There is but perpetual renewing. Men break their heads to find out what comes after the last breath. They find nothing; this is quite clear.

"The whole business, you see, is a very old story. The last word of the modern physiology is only the first word of the old psychology: *Life is death*. Claude Bernard has said this twenty centuries after Plato. And the problem is devilish clear. One has to be blind to see nothing in it. Not cohesion between the atoms, but simple contiguity; a physical unity purely collective. The body is a kind of regiment. Atoms disappear and are replaced by recruits. In a certain number of years the regiment itself is renewed. As to the individuality, or the *I*, it is no more bound to that body than we are tied to our garments. This, at least, is undeniable.—This is the stone, against which materialism stumbles—Oh! you can well laugh, Flove, you are too stupid to understand, my good friend."

But Flove did not even smile. However, he felt the impertinence of this remark and we all kept quiet. Evidently Marloff was looking for a quarrel, but none of us felt inclined to furnish him with a pretext.

And curiosity also helped us to keep up patience. The Russian seemed disposed to talk and we were not sorry to listen a while; his ramblings, at times, were singularly suggestive. He continued:

"Death a solution! What stupid stuff! Supposing it to come upon one of us, this famous death of which everybody talks and no one knows anything about. Yes, suppose this, Flove—well? This *I*, the Eternal and Imperishable Atom, finds itself suddenly put in a state of liberty—oh, yes! this expression is good, I will keep it—put at liberty through the dissolution of the body. This is all—This is simple. It remains free with the aggregate of the thoughts it had stored up at the moment of the rupture, neither more nor less—Imagine a dark room. Birth opens the thing, what do you call it?" "The—shutter," whispered some one.

"Yes, the shutter—Death closes it. The image remains on the glass-plate. This is photography—this is simple as b-a-ba. Pass me the champagne, Galdette, my bottle is empty—Thanks—And this image cannot be rubbed off until another birth opens the instrument.—The—shut—Yes, the shutter."

He took a long draught, rolled himself a cigarette and lit it, mumbling all along approbations, scattered words, half finished sentences; then, having taken two or three puffs, he continued:

"And naturally, parbleu! the image remains there, and the soul, while waiting for the reopening, takes a rest. Only instead of playing a part in a new rôle, it repeats the old one. It dreams of people and things known. For death is the *known*, it is the past inertia, it is not the future. It is a stop, a parenthesis. And the soul could very well remain in this state for thousands of millions of years without trouble, if another body did not claim it. Everybody, every regiment of atoms, which is formed, needs a captain and must choose one from among the officers that belong to his set, as you call it I believe."

"This is metempsychosis," spoke up Galdette.

"No matter! the name is nothing. Words are of no value. Why always words? They never express the Absolute, your words! They are always either bigger or smaller than the objects. Leave them to the manufacturers of dictionaries. What is certain is that the soul has to be again imprisoned in a body. *I know it*. Call it by what name you will, Greek, Sanskrit or Hebrew, I care not. It has to re-enter a body, a human body—and live an intellectual and moral life, resembling, but superior to the former one. This then is clear, is it not?—And which all your words are not. The devil take your words!"

He stopped. And we believed for an instant that that unfortunate remark of Galdette had put an end to the metaphysical outpour of the Slav. He seemed to be furious and cursed terminology and lexicology and every science that brags stupidly to be exact. If we had talked, the seance would have been at an end. We knew him sufficiently for that and so waited silently. His anger cooled.

"Yes, it has to be again imprisoned in a human body. The shutter is opened. Click! New impressions take the place of the old ones and the soul forgets the past, exactly as we forget in the morning what we have dreamed in the night. What detestable cigarettes you smoke, Galdette! Your tobacco is fit for moujiks only. Throw me a cigar, please—thank you—The soul forgets the past! However, there remains something of it, but very vague, more or less indistinct, according to the individual. For these images are thoughts, customs and things lived, is it not true? And they remain in us—Yes, yes, they remain in us, in a latent state—and, in spite of us, they form part of our essence, and we are guided by them unconsciously. In one word, we remain always the same—the garment changes, that's all. Oh! there is no doubt about it, no doubt about it. Experiences are here; they run the streets, these experiences; they can be counted by the thousands. All these failures, these never-do-wells, these dry fruits, what are they? Creatures that have not followed their hereditary impulse; beings that have not found their vocation, the work they were devoted to for centuries before? Ah! this vocation is apparently modified by circumstances, surroundings, habits, but in reality, it is always the same principle. What one calls dreams, for instance, or imagination (just as you like, words are so stupid) well! all these are but the echo of anterior lives—echo—reminiscence—nothing else. Dumas *fil*s asserted that we rub elbows daily on the Boulevards with Redskins in rose complexion; with negresses with white hands, veritable female cannibals. In former lives they have eaten men raw, now-a-days they eat them with a 'sauce marriage.' That sounds like folly and yet it is the exact truth. More than one would, if they lived a few months among the cannibals now, bite with pleasure into a slice of a missionary. And here you can find the cause of all the trouble—there it is. It is not necessary to go any further. No—it is! The demon of—"

"This is very well, all this, my dear, but how are we to know exactly what our vocation really is—what work we did do in former lives? This is rather difficult."

"Difficult! difficult! who says difficult? Not for a cent! Nothing is easier. You can *feel* it! It is instinctive! Take my case; I am a failure, who has produced nothing and will produce nothing—Yes, I—Not because I do not know my vocation, certainly not. The business is not very common. Work of such nature is rare—Yes, yes it is rare—unless one wants to devote one's life to murder. Up to my present existence, *I was hangman*. To be a hangman is legitimate, it is an honest trade—murder, no—! And then, too, that would be going back, and the soul must not retrograde."

* * * * *

In another place and spoken by any other person, this affirmation would have been absolutely ridiculous and would have only amused us; but the effect was just the opposite. Besides there was some weird, mysterious influence pervading the scene which did not make us feel like laughing. Galdette, who could not bear a strong light, had turned off the electric lights and so the studio was only illumined by a few candles and by two yellow wax-tapers, which de Livel had placed, in fun, in front of a huge, well known poster, representing Yvette Guilbert, the time when she was then, in the act of biting an apple. This is the *Modern Eve*, which Galdette created for *Villier de l'Isle Adam*. There was, therefore, in that large room, filled with knick-knacks, stuffs, cartoon, scaffolding, unfinished or just begun canvasses, strange sketches, fantastic designs barely distinguishable in the dim light, a kind of twilight, veiling the objects and giving them that soft, indistinct appearance of mental impressions, of imaginary pictures like those we create within us to illustrate any kind of occurrence. Everything looks uncertain, angles are softened, the outlines vague, they melt into the surrounding atmosphere, they are lost, changed or modified continually, like the phantom figures, formed over a boiling liquid, in the vapor that rises. Here and there, however, some bright ray threw a brilliant reflection on an article of bronze, or copper, or an ivory statue, or a steel weapon, or a silky drapery, like so many flashes or fleeting lights in the darkness.

And over there in a corner, looking more distant than in reality it was, lay Marloff, barely visible, stretched out on his cushions, talking to himself in a low voice, not unlike a priest in front of an altar. For the present his utterances, scoldings and jokes harmonized singularly with the strange, almost expressionless monotone. He seemed to speak to himself or to an imaginary audience. He did not see us any longer, or, if he did, he did not recognize us. His thoughts classed us with the furniture and other lifeless objects in the room. He had answered Birde's objection, it is true, but in the voice of a person who answers a mental question. Our words no doubt melted into his own thoughts. He did not exteriorize any longer.

All this, you will admit, lacked a trifle fun and gaiety. Then, too, the calmness with which Marloff announced as a natural, indisputable, irrefutable fact such an enormity, had something sinister in it. He said, "I have been a hangman," as you or I would have said, "I have been a lawyer," or "I have been a dealer in foot-wear," without a trace of a joke or a doubt,—coolly. And we had

"And naturally, parbleu! the image remains there, and the soul, while waiting for the reopening, takes a rest. Only instead of playing a part in a new rôle, it repeats the old one. It dreams of people and things known. For death is the *known*, it is the past inertia, it is not the future. It is a stop, a parenthesis. And the soul could very well remain in this state for thousands of millions of years without trouble, if another body did not claim it. Everybody, every regiment of atoms, which is formed, needs a captain and must choose one from among the officers that belong to his set, as you call it I believe."

"This is metempsychosis," spoke up Galdette.

"No matter! the name is nothing. Words are of no value. Why always words? They never express the Absolute, your words! They are always either bigger or smaller than the objects. Leave them to the manufacturers of dictionaries. What is certain is that the soul has to be again imprisoned in a body. *I know it*. Call it by what name you will, Greek, Sanskrit or Hebrew, I care not. It has to re-enter a body, a human body—and live an intellectual and moral life, resembling, but superior to the former one. This then is clear, is it not?—And which all your words are not. The devil take your words!"

He stopped. And we believed for an instant that that unfortunate remark of Galdette had put an end to the metaphysical outpour of the Slav. He seemed to be furious and cursed terminology and lexicology and every science that brags stupidly to be exact. If we had talked, the seance would have been at an end. We knew him sufficiently for that and so waited silently. His anger cooled.

"Yes, it has to be again imprisoned in a human body. The shutter is opened. Click! New impressions take the place of the old ones and the soul forgets the past, exactly as we forget in the morning what we have dreamed in the night. What detestable cigarettes you smoke, Galdette! Your tobacco is fit for moujiks only. Throw me a cigar, please—thank you—The soul forgets the past! However, there remains something of it, but very vague, more or less indistinct, according to the individual. For these images are thoughts, customs and things lived, is it not true? And they remain in us—Yes, yes, they remain in us, in a latent state—and, in spite of us, they form part of our essence, and we are guided by them unconsciously. In one word, we remain always the same—the garment changes, that's all. Oh! there is no doubt about it, no doubt about it. Experiences are here; they run the streets, these experiences; they can be counted by the thousands. All these failures, these never-do-wells, these dry fruits, what are they? Creatures that have not followed their hereditary impulse; beings that have not found their vocation, the work they were devoted to for centuries before? Ah! this vocation is apparently modified by circumstances, surroundings, habits, but in reality, it is always the same principle. What one calls dreams, for instance, or imagination (just as you like, words are so stupid) well! all these are but the echo of anterior lives—echo—reminiscence—nothing else. Dumas *filz* asserted that we rub elbows daily on the Boulevards with Redskins in rose complexion; with negresses with white hands, veritable female cannibals. In former lives they have eaten men raw, now-a-days they eat them with a 'sauce marriage.' That sounds like folly and yet it is the exact truth. More than one would, if they lived a few months among the cannibals now, bite with pleasure into a slice of a missionary. And here you can find the cause of all the trouble—there it is. It is not necessary to go any further—No, no. Here it is! The demon of perversity, which Edgar Poe invented is not a myth. It is the soul, the Eternal and Indestructible *I*, obeying the impulses of its essence, continuing its work. We cannot escape it—No, no—We cannot escape. These good country people say: 'Drive away the natural and it will come back at a gallop!' This is *scientific*, it is absolutely scientific. They do not know it themselves, but it is really so."

As he stopped here to relight his cigar and to gulp down a few swallows of the liquor, Birle risked a question:

"This is very well, all this, my dear, but how are we to know exactly what our vocation really is—what work we did do in former lives? This is rather difficult."

"Difficult! difficult! who says difficult? Not for a cent! Nothing is easier. You can *feel* it! It is instinctive! Take my case; I am a failure, who has produced nothing and will produce nothing—Yes, I—Not because I do not know my vocation, certainly not. The business is not very common. Work of such nature is rare—Yes, yes it is rare—unless one wants to devote one's life to murder. Up to my present existence, *I was hangman*. To be a hangman is legitimate, it is an honest trade—murder, no—! And then, too, that would be going back, and the soul must not retrograde."

In another place and spoken by any other person, this affirmation would have been absolutely ridiculous and would have only amused us; but the effect was just the opposite. Besides there was some weird, mysterious influence pervading the scene which did not make us feel like laughing. Galdette, who could not bear a strong light, had turned off the electric lights and so the studio was only illumined by a few candles and by two yellow wax-tapers, which de Livel had placed, in fun, in front of a huge, well known poster, representing Yvette Guilbert, the time when she was then, in the act of biting an apple. This is the *Modern Eve*, which Galdette created for *Villier de l'Isle Adam*. There was, therefore, in that large room, filled with knick-knacks, stuffs, cartoon, scaffolding, unfinished or just begun canvasses, strange sketches, fantastic designs barely distinguishable in the dim light, a kind of twilight, veiling the objects and giving them that soft, indistinct appearance of mental impressions, of imaginary pictures like those we create within us to illustrate any kind of occurrence. Everything looks uncertain, angles are softened, the outlines vague, they melt into the surrounding atmosphere, they are lost, changed or modified continually, like the phantom figures, formed over a boiling liquid, in the vapor that rises. Here and there, however, some bright ray threw a brilliant reflection on an article of bronze, or copper, or an ivory statue, or a steel weapon, or a silky drapery, like so many flashes or fleeting lights in the darkness.

And over there in a corner, looking more distant than in reality it was, lay Marloff, barely visible, stretched out on his cushions, talking to himself in a low voice, not unlike a priest in front of an altar. For the present his utterances, scoldings and jokes harmonized singularly with the strange, almost expressionless monotone. He seemed to speak to himself or to an imaginary audience. He did not see us any longer, or, if he did, he did not recognize us. His thoughts classed us with the furniture and other lifeless objects in the room. He had answered Birde's objection, it is true, but in the voice of a person who answers a mental question. Our words no doubt melted into his own thoughts. He did not exteriorize any longer.

All this, you will admit, lacked a trifle fun and gaiety. Then, too, the calmness with which Marloff announced as a natural, indisputable, irrefutable fact such an enormity, had something sinister in it. He said, "I have been a hangman," as you or I would have said, "I have been a lawyer," or "I have been a dealer in foot-wear," without a trace of a joke or a doubt,—coolly. And we had not the slightest inclination to laugh over it.

"I have been a hangman—I am one and will always be one—this is clear. I am out of business just now—that's all. And what's more! It is not centuries ago that I have plied my trade; no, let's see, it is seven—ten—eleven—yes, it is eleven years, eleven years ago."

We looked at each other, for we all felt that an interesting revelation was about to be made. Perhaps, at last we would know the solution of the puzzle, the famous adventure, scandal or atrocious revenge. It was doubtless on this

occasion that he had been following "his natural vocation." That word, vocation, whatever Marloff would say against words, was here singularly a fit expression. After a minute's silence he took up the thread:

"Yes, eleven years—Time passes—but I have not forgotten—I have forgotten nothing. I never forget. And then, too, it was so funny. There were nine of us in that tent on the night of St. Vladimir—in camp—yes, down there near Vladikaukas—nine. Three artillery officers, two cavalry officers—in short nine. And all of us young."

"You were officer then?" asked Birde, who scented a plot for a novel or a story and wanted to be well posted.

But he got nothing for his trouble. Marloff did not answer him. Did he hear? or did he not wish to answer? No one knew.

Galdette put his hand on the arm of the author to make him keep still, for fear a new question might interrupt the story for good.

"All young—and all more or less drunk. We drank champagne like water; water is not good down there in that country. It was on this evening that Rensky taught me to mix this drink with the pepper-essence. Yes, he called this *Rachel*, to drink a *Rachel*—I never knew why—I think I never asked about it, if I had he would have told me. Oh, yes! he would have told me. Poor Rensky, he died miserably of cholera, he died like a dog by the roadside, he, who dreamed only of wounds and battles! There was also Brileff—died in Siberia—a political affair—a dirty business; and Paschkoff, to-day a general—yes, yes, all jolly fellows. But the funniest of all was Serge Abravitch, the beautiful Serge, he it was that questioned the Jew—and he that condemned him—There is no doubt possible about it. We did not speak—we others—we laughed. And there was just cause for it. But we said nothing—no—no—I, for one, I had nothing to say—what should I have said?"

Here Marloff passed his hand over his eyes, then he suddenly sat bolt upright, as if to speak with more ease. He seemed trying to recollect something.

"Oh! I remember very well, very well—as if it had happened yesterday. It was in Paschkoff's tent, near midnight—or rather passed midnight, yes, passed midnight. Rensky's watch had stopped and he asked me the time—and I told him—Seven minutes passed midnight. We began to see double. Calskoi slept. Oh! yes, there was also Calskoi—that's true—he is now director of the *Military Gazette*. Yes, Calskoi snored, I remember, he snored when the Cossacks brought in the Jew—two Cossacks of Samara. A grotesque creature this Jew was, not old, no, but thin, only skin over bones, a bilious complexion, very hairy; he wore his hair long, in cork-screw curls falling over his ears on both sides of his head—as is the custom with these people. But instead of the customary long coat, the poor fellow had on a so-called modern outfit—And what an outfit, great God, what an outfit! Made of cloth of squares, yes black squares on a yellow ground, a coat with a large collar—and a pair of trousers. Oh! such trousers—I can see them, those trousers, I can see them right now, here before me! A pair of trousers as were worn ten years ago, and as are worn now by the loafers of Villette and Place Maubert. Elephant's feet hiding the shoes—one could not call them shoes any longer—they looked like skirts. Oh! How funny it looked! That long hair, with a small felt hat on top, that sallow face, that pure semitic type and that costume. Serge wore one like it when he sang *Popol and the Lover of Amanda*:

Je me nomme Popol
Je demeure a l'entresol

Yes, Serge sang that—I never knew the rest of it—It was funny, but not as funny as the Jew! Oh! poor devil! he trembled, he moaned, he groaned, murdering the Russian language—he was a German Jew—

"The Cossacks had taken him by surprise in the camp. He sold to the soldiers trifles, all sorts of small ware, thread, needles, pipes— and that was forbidden. Why? I could not tell, an idea of the colonel, a stupid idea. And they brought him to Paschkoff, because they did not know what to do with him. Poor devil! what a sad face he made before these nine fellows, who watched him somewhat like nine cats would watch a mouse. Serge spoke German; he questioned him:

'What's your name?'

'Moses Gelbroth.'

'Where do you come from?'

'From Warsaw.'

'What did you do in the camp?'

'My little business.'

"And the poor fellow recited passages from the Bible. He tried constantly to kiss the hand of his judge—to appease him—murmuring all the while sentences—he said among other things: 'A king who judges the poor faithfully, will have his throne secure forever.' And that made us laugh, that idea of a throne for Serge Abravitch, lieutenant of the engineer corps. For this reason some of his comrades nicknamed him after this, 'King Serge.' A great many called him by that name without knowing why—that was a souvenir of the Jew. That's all! Oh, he was rich that Serge, rich! No magistrate could have conducted a trial better. Only he did not know either what to do with the man. If it had not been for the hook, he would have been sent away free. Yes, sure, he would have been thrown out of the camp with a kick and a curse—'Go, let yourself be hanged elsewhere, you confounded rascal'—or something like it—that's sure! But that hook did it all. It was the hook that lost him.

"But no! no! that's wrong—it is not the hook—it is not Serge, it is not I—it is the force of circumstances, the inevitable force of circumstances—it had to be. Nothing else! It had to be—I could not resist—Serge could not—No one there could resist—And no one, no matter who, could resist—And no one, no matter who, could have resisted. That's all."

While pronouncing these last words, Marloff was quite himself, as if he had not tasted a drop of alcohol in a week.

He was firmly seated on one of the cushions; his face was now plainly lighted by the tapers burning in front of Yvette. His eye was clear and open, but he did not see us. He seemed to witness a spectacle invisible to us; perhaps a scene actually lived through in former days and which his memory again called up now. Was it a hallucination or did he possess that peculiar faculty, which some persons have, who can call up such pictures so perfectly that these images seem to them the real objects? They see them as really existing, they reason about them, they judge them. At any rate Marloff talked to beings living and present to him alone. One could imagine he was answering to unperious questions, that he explained facts before a tribunal. And who knows, if he did not repeat words, spoken before, related to things which actually happened long ago, to clear himself.

All at once his way of speaking was completely changed, his sentences were clear, short and concise, without unnecessary repetition. He was no more the same man. He forgot the drinking cup and the cigarette, champagne and essence of pepper. In one word, he "lived in another region," without a doubt.

"It is force of circumstances," continued Marloff; "the hook, in fact, was but the instrument, an instrument at the same time intellectual and material. It suggested the idea and helped to carry it out; but that does not prove that

...but within the radius occupied by our troops. Instead of pitching up his canvas tent, Paschkoff asked permission from the Colonel to put his belongings in this small building and with the help of some furs, rugs and two or three trunks, transformed into furniture, it made very snug quarters, where we held daily court. In the ceiling was a hook, a large hook of hammered iron. For what purpose had this hook been screwed there? Perhaps to suspend a scale or a cauldron or perhaps even an animal to cut up. But it matters little for what purpose it was put in that place. It was there, that's enough, solidly screwed in a thick beam of oak. And during the time Serge examined the Jew, this hook fascinated me. It seemed to me to be deformed, lengthened like an arm of a gallows; it appeared, yes, appeared like some living thing, like a fantastic and dangerous animal, ready to grab its prey. And the idea came into my head, all of a sudden: 'One could easily hang a man there!' It was as if I had heard the words spoken at my side. Never, up to that moment had such a thought struck me, although I had noticed that hook before. What vile influence suggested this absurdity? It is impossible to clear up this point. We never had talked about hanging or punishment of any kind in that cabin. We never even alluded to the probable use to which that hook could be put. Abravitch, while questioning the Jew, never said a word that could have evoked such an idea and his attitude, comically serious, was far from suggesting ideas of gallows and gibbets. However it was, this sudden thought haunted me, possessed me. It took soon the form of a command and an absolutely personal one. Instead of hearing, 'One could hang a man easily' I heard distinctly a cunning voice whispering: 'You could easily hang a man there?' And unconsciously I looked at the Jew, I compared his figure with the height of the hut; I measured the length of the rope that would be needed; I guessed at the weight of the body: fifty-two or fifty-three kilogrammes, not more. The hook could have easily supported a weight four times larger. And I even imagined that body swinging on that rope, with its trousers and elephant feet; its coat of squares, that yellow face, its curled hair. I found this picture very funny, very funny. Only I had no rope. Then I looked about the room to discover something that would do in its stead. All this time Serge continued his pranks and, to make the illusion more complete, Rensky acted as defender of the accused. They laughed. But I, I did not laugh, I did not speak. I *knew* I had nothing to say. I was the hangman and not judge nor sheriff. No, *I was simply hangman*. And I knew also that Serge would condemn this man unflinchingly to be hanged. He could not help himself. I had an instinctive, almost brutal, unreasonable conviction of it. That conviction was, so to speak, crystallized in my brain. Therefore I stubbornly kept on looking for something suitable for a rope and I discovered a long strap around a trunk. There was just what I wanted. That would do. At this moment Abravitch said in Russian: 'If we hanged him?' I was not surprised, as I expected it. And he looked at me, as if he knew that I had been chosen long ago to execute this sentence and as if he wanted to tell me to be ready. But I was ready.

"Suppose we hang him," he repeated. Was the hook also responsible for this? Had he noticed it too and had this stupid piece of iron spoken to him as it had to me? Or had he suddenly remembered that he had seen it before and had, perhaps, the thought 'a man could'...

Israelite to be hanged on wood, is an enormous sin. He repeated over and over, but in Russian words, such as: *bravsti, knigiani, boje moi!* 'My good people, my princes! Good God! Good God!' And he repeated over and over, but in German: 'May my blood fall on your heads. Vengeance belongs to the Eternal!' He created such an uproar that it became necessary to calm him. Paschkoff explained to him, laughingly, that it was only a joke. I really believe that all the rest saw in it nothing but a joke, but I must confess, it was none to me. And I dare assert that Serge Abravitch did not look at it either as only an amusement. Paschkoff therefore arranged the affair and quieted the man. According to his words, we were only going through a make-believe execution, trying an innocent experiment. He would not die. Did he think we were murderers, to kill a man? No, no! He was only to be hanged a little while, just to see.

"Those were the exact words of Paschkoff, I have not forgotten them: '*We will hang you a little while, just to see.*' But the other shook his head. He did not want it; he did not trust us. Now he examined also the hook, which the direction of our eyes undoubtedly had indicated to him. He was afraid of it. That piece of iron looked threatening. The poor devil grew pale and was all in perspiration. '*Niet, niet, niet, boje moi, boje moi!*' he cried, evidently thinking that his German *niet* was not strong enough to convince us. But the more he resisted, the more we were determined to go through the performance. At last Paschkoff got the better of him, thanks to a financial combination. He said, he, Moses Gelbroth, should hold his hands open during the operation and one of us would deposit in each hand, every second he was hanging, a silver ruble; and when he, Moses, felt himself in danger, he should make a sign—a sign like this, with his right hand, and we would take him down.

"The discussion lasted a long time. The man did not want to consent even for one ruble in each hand, he asked for two, because, not only was it dangerous, but it was especially sinning against the Eternal One. And he added, talking to himself: 'No, Moses Gelbroth, no Moses, you cannot, you cannot. This is wrong for a good Jew.' However the promise of two rubles finally dissipated his pious scruples. He consented. As for me, I had not meddled in this bargaining. It was not my business. I had taken the strap from the trunk. It was long enough, neither too narrow nor too broad. The iron buckle would make a fine noose. I pulled into the middle of the hut an empty box, which would do duty as a ladder for me and which would also serve, to my mind, as the stage for the condemned; when once the strap was around his neck, the box could be kicked away and Moses would be hanging, it was very simple. As I stepped on the box to fasten the strap to that terrible hook, Paschkoff interfered. 'No' he said, 'that would be dangerous. We might not be able to take him down in time. You must hold the strap by the end; the man is not heavy and when he has had enough, you simply let go.' This did not please me. Decidedly this execution was only a comedy, a farce. They tried to make me play a ridiculous part. And I would probably have grown angry, if the thought had not occurred to me at this moment: 'They are all drunk.' For, strange to say, I had been drunk too, up till now, but at that instant, I was absolutely sober, I assure you. In place of it however I had a singular sensation, which is impossible for me to analyze. It was as if I had been a stranger to all that passed around me. Those people were nothing to me any longer, neither friends, nor comrades. I lived in

another object would not have brought about the same result. What we called Paschkoff's tent was, properly speaking, not a tent. We called it such, to be in harmony with the surrounding. It was a sort of cabin, a kind of hut made of stone and wood, which had served formerly as post-relay station and which we found abandoned, but within the radius occupied by our troops. Instead of pitching up his canvas tent, Paschkoff asked permission from the Colonel to put his belongings in this small building and with the help of some furs, rugs and two or three trunks, transformed into furniture, it made very snug quarters, where we held daily court. In the ceiling was a hook, a large hook of hammered iron. For what purpose had this hook been screwed there? Perhaps to suspend a scale or a cauldron or perhaps even an animal to cut up. But it matters little for what purpose it was put in that place. It was there, that's enough, solidly screwed in a thick beam of oak. And during the time Serge examined the Jew, this hook fascinated me. It seemed to me to be deformed, lengthened like an arm of a gallows; it appeared, yes, appeared like some living thing, like a fantastic and dangerous animal, ready to grab its prey. And the idea came into my head, all of a sudden: 'One could easily hang a man there!' It was as if I had heard the words spoken at my side. Never, up to that moment had such a thought struck me, although I had noticed that hook before. What vile influence suggested this absurdity? It is impossible to clear up this point. We never had talked about hanging or punishment of any kind in that cabin. We never even alluded to the probable use to which that hook could be put. Abravitch, while questioning the Jew, never said a word that could have evoked such an idea and his attitude, comically serious, was far from suggesting ideas of gallows and gibbets. However it was, this sudden thought haunted me, possessed me. It took soon the form of a command and an absolutely personal one. Instead of hearing, 'One could hang a man easily' I heard distinctly a cunning voice whispering: 'You could easily hang a man there?' And unconsciously I looked at the Jew, I compared his figure with the height of the hut; I measured the length of the rope that would be needed; I guessed at the weight of the body: fifty-two or fifty-three kilogrammes, not more. The hook could have easily supported a weight four times larger. And I even imagined that body swinging on that rope, with its trousers and elephant feet; its coat of squares, that yellow face, its curled hair. I found this picture very funny, very funny. Only I had no rope. Then I looked about the room to discover something that would do in its stead. All this time Serge continued his pranks and, to make the illusion more complete, Rensky acted as defender of the accused. They laughed. But I, I did not laugh. I did not speak. I *knew* I had nothing to say. I was the hangman and not judge nor sheriff. No, *I was simply hangman*. And I knew also that Serge would condemn this man unflinchingly to be hanged. He could not help himself. I had an instinctive, almost brutal, unreasonable conviction of it. That conviction was, so to speak, crystallized in my brain. Therefore I stubbornly kept on looking for something suitable for a rope and I discovered a long strap around a trunk. There was just what I wanted. That would do. At this moment Abravitch said in Russian: 'If we hanged him?' I was not surprised, as I expected it. And he looked at me, as if he knew that I had been chosen long ago to execute this sentence and as if he wanted to tell me to be ready. But I was ready.

"Suppose we hang him," he repeated. Was the hook also responsible for this? Had he noticed it too and had this stupid piece of iron spoken to him as it had to me? Or had he suddenly remembered that he had seen it before and had, perhaps, the thought 'a man could be easily hanged there' haunted him also? And the occasion presented itself and the victim also; would he obey that strong suggestion? At any rate, he lifted his eyes toward that point of attraction and the tone of his voice, in making that remark, had nothing of a joke in it. Serge Abravitch was no longer playing. The Jew felt this difference very well in spite of his not being able to speak Russian fluently. He understood the sentence

and understood also, that things looked serious. It was a terrible scene; he cried, he screamed, he threw himself on his knees, he cited long tirades in Hebrew—I think it was Hebrew—biblical maledictions, no doubt. Then he spoke of his wife, his children in Warsaw, of his old father, of the disgrace, for an Israelite to be hanged on wood, is an infamous death. He interspersed all this with Russian words, such as: *bravsti, knigiani, boje moi!* 'My good people, my princes! Good God! Good God!' And he repeated over and over, but in German: 'May my blood fall on your heads. Vengeance belongs to the Eternal!' He created such an uproar that it became necessary to calm him. Paschkoff explained to him, laughingly, that it was only a joke. I really believe that all the rest saw in it nothing but a joke, but I must confess, it was none to me. And I dare assert that Serge Abravitch did not look at it either as only an amusement. Paschkoff therefore arranged the affair and quieted the man. According to his words, we were only going through a make-believe execution, trying an innocent experiment. He would not die. Did he think we were murderers, to kill a man? No, no! He was only to be hanged a little while, just to see.

"Those were the exact words of Paschkoff, I have not forgotten them: '*We will hang you a little while, just to see.*' But the other shook his head. He did not want it; he did not trust us. Now he examined also the hook, which the direction of our eyes undoubtedly had indicated to him. He was afraid of it. That piece of iron looked threatening. The poor devil grew pale and was all in perspiration. '*Niet, niet, niet, boje moi, boje moi!*' he cried, evidently thinking that his German *nein* was not strong enough to convince us. But the more he resisted, the more we were determined to go through the performance. At last Paschkoff got the better of him, thanks to a financial combination. He said, he, Moses Gelbroth, should hold his hands open during the operation and one of us would deposit in each hand, every second he was hanging, a silver ruble; and when he, Moses, felt himself in danger, he should make a sign—a sign like this, with his right hand, and we would take him down.

"The discussion lasted a long time. The man did not want to consent even for one ruble in each hand, he asked for two, because, not only was it dangerous, but it was especially sinning against the Eternal One. And he added, talking to himself: 'No, Moses Gelbroth, no Moses, you cannot, you cannot. This is wrong for a good Jew.' However the promise of two rubles finally dissipated his pious scruples. He consented. As for me, I had not meddled in this bargaining. It was not my business. I had taken the strap from the trunk. It was long enough, neither too narrow nor too broad. The iron buckle would make a fine noose. I pulled into the middle of the hut an empty box, which would do duty as a ladder for me and which would also serve, to my mind, as the stage for the condemned; when once the strap was around his neck, the box could be kicked away and Moses would be hanging, it was very simple. As I stepped on the box to fasten the strap to that terrible hook, Paschkoff interfered. 'No' he said, that would be dangerous. We might not be able to take him down in time. You must hold the strap by the end; the man is not heavy and when he has had enough, you simply let go.' This did not please me. Decidedly this execution was only a comedy, a farce. They tried to make me play a ridiculous part. And I would probably have grown angry, if the thought had not occurred to me at this moment: 'They are all drunk.' For, strange to say, I had been drunk too, up till now, but at that instant, I was absolutely sober, I assure you. In place of it however I had a singular sensation, which is impossible for me to analyze. It was as if I had been a stranger to all that passed around me. Those people were nothing to me any longer, neither friends, nor comrades. I lived in a different sphere. I felt as if I carried out a task independent of all, a superior mission. But, to stop short, these sensations are of no interest.

"The strap was passed around the Jew's neck. He trembled a little. However, after Paschkoff's repeated assurance that he had nothing to fear, he let us proceed. Nevertheless Moses wished to make sure again about the finan-

cial part. He said: "It is really two silver rubles in each hand, not paper rubles. *Zwei Silberrubeln, keine Banknoten, echte Silberrubeln.*" Assured on that point, he began to laugh and I pulled the strap, while Rensky lifted the man, that the traction might not choke him. And Moses Gelbroth was hanging. He held his hands open to receive the promised money. Paschkoff put the *Silberrubeln* in it, which Briloff handed to him. Serge and the others looked on. Only at that moment, I noticed that the two Cossacks had disappeared. I did not trouble about it, however, being too much occupied with my work and my patient, whose grimaces, it seemed, amused my comrades. I could not see his face, but by a peculiar reflection of the lights—the candle-sticks were put on the floor and lighted him from his feet up to his head—the shadow of the Jew was cast against the wall opposite and was of such a fantastic shape, that his arms looked stretched out, like the arms of one crucified. That picture struck me: The Crucified, Jesus the Nazarene, the Jew. The association of ideas was natural and inevitable.

"It troubled me. I could not take my eyes off. How long that scene lasted, I do not know. Did the Jew make that sign? I do not know anything about it either. The whole thing ended for me by a blow in the chest which made me roll to the floor, while the strap slipped out of my hand. Then I heard a confused noise of new voices shouting and swearing in Russian: '*Douraki! Pianatse! Vas sochlout Siber!*' 'Fools, Drunkards! You will be sent to Siberia!' and other like invectives. As I raised myself I saw one of the Cossacks carry the Jew in his arms and noticed Colonel Lagoski and two or three other officers questioning Serge Abravitch and taking notes. This is all."

Marloff stopped. He remained motionless, still sitting upright, his hands on his knees, head bent a little forward, as if he heard or expected an answer to his account. But Birde, wanting to hear more, was not satisfied. He wished to know the end of Moses Gelbroth.

"And the Jew," he asked, "what did you do with him? Did he die?" Marloff did not answer and kept his motionless and listening attitude. From time to time he moved his head as a sign of acquiescence and respectful deference. Birde called him by name.

"Marloff! Hey, Marloff!"

The effect was instantaneous.

"What is it? What's the matter? Go to the d...!"

His upright position vanished suddenly and his eyes became brilliant and fierce, eyes of a man drunk.

"Take care," I said to Birde, "things could go wrong. He looks ugly."

"Bah! we are six of us. Say, Marloff! And the Jew? Did the Jew die?"

"What Jew? Who talks of a Jew? Who said there was a Jew? It is always the same dirty story. Go to the d...! once more. There is no Jew, there never was a Jew!"

Gesticulating and getting excited he saw beside him the bottles and the drinking cup, yet half full; he took it up and emptied it, then fell back on the cushions and went to sleep mumbling:

"There is no Jew—Always that Jew, as if—" And the sentence was lost in low mutterings in Slavic, Russian or some other language.

Oh! know ye not that I carry in the palm of my hand, in the Heart of my Heart, all mankind—nay, all worldkind? Will ye not know that all I have created is even like unto Me perfect and cannot be burdensome?—

From "*Krishna*" by Baba Bharati.

PARAGRAPHS ON PASSING EVENTS

BY BABA BHARATI

ONE OTHER event in Japan needs mention—the address I delivered to Japanese students and young men in Tokyo. The audience was large, subject, "The White Peril." I treated it, to some extent, along the lines of my article in the second issue of the *Light of India*, an article which called forth such voluntary and spontaneous appreciation of that greatest living sage of the West—Count Tolstoy, that in a letter, conveying his appreciation, he asked for my consent to translate it into Russian. They all greeted me very warmly as I swang into sight and, all through the delivery of my address, they cheered me lustily. Every word I said to depict the dangers of the "White Peril," the worst phase of which, as I put it, is called "Civilization," the boys liked so much that they either roared in laughter or shouted "Hear, hear!" They were so pleased with my lecture that they followed me to the railway station where I took train to Yokohama, to be present at the Hindoo merchants' reception in the evening.

The "Educated" Japanese.

In the expressions in the faces of these boys, during my lecture, I read enough to justify my opinion as well as of all deep-thinking people, that their all-round nationalism is too deep-seated in the average Japanese, even in youngsters, to surrender itself to any operation of wholesale Westernization. These boys spontaneously exhibited emotions of a patriotism, the depth of which penetrated into their very soul. They were Japanese first, in heart and head, and Westernized in their exterior life afterwards. If it were not so, every "dig" I dealt to the Westerners and their new-fangled ideas of life could not elicit such whole-hearted applause. They were interested in what I said beyond their own belief. They brimmed over with an enthusiasm they did not think they possessed. My word-pictures and suggestions struck the inmost chords of their heart which resounded with echoes. The fact is, the "educated" Japanese, after a quarter of a century of wallowing in the dirt of denationalization, have recovered from that disease and got back their self-respect which has enabled them to do such wonderful deeds of daring. It is time for Hindoos to recover their self-respect without which all their efforts will be in vain.

Chinese Civilization.

Our stay in the outskirts of China was all too short for any sort of review of its men and manners. We waited for three days at Hongkong for a boat for India, and, besides seeing a few not very interesting sights, we were grilled by the intense heat. One thing is certain, and I can say it without the fear of contradiction, and that is that China's ancient civilization with all its depth of culture is apparent in the manners and

conduct of its people, and stares a visitor in the face, however stupid that visitor may be, from her exquisite art-work and her mental attributes. Art shows the mental refinement and ordered imagination of the artist, while virtues of harmony and fidelity of mind and heart are the reflections of soul-culture. The beauty of Chinese art is well-known throughout the world, so it needs no praise from my pen, while my long stay on the Pacific coast of America made me acquainted with the virtues of the Chinese mind and heart. Even the American's praise of Chinese honesty is unstinted; the business men in America speak highly of a Chinaman's commercial integrity, while the householder is indebted to Chinese honesty and affection for the master or mistress in the domestic sphere.

"Awa Maru," the Jap Boat.

Goodbye, good old "Minnesota"! How d'ye do, little "Awa Maru"? She did well, behaved even better than that monster upon whose back we crossed over to the Orient. She had served in the war as a transport ship, is owned by the Nippon Yusen Kaisa, and plies between Yokohama and London as a mail-passenger-cargo boat. We were on it for fifteen days and found it not only the steadiest steamship, but full of comforts. Its cabins are as capacious as its service is excellently good. We were a happy family, the passengers, except for the hate, for all Asiatics, of the captain—an Englishman, though in courtesy he is irreproachable, and a "darned" narrow Dutchman, a merchant from Java. I must not forget the warmhearted gentlemanliness of Mr. Coombs, the first officer, who made more of us than of other passengers. And the greatest recommendation of the "Awa Maru" is the cheapness of its passage money, just one-half of the other European and American boats. From Hongkong begins British soil and seas, and Singapore and Penang, both British, are very beautiful settlements in the Straits. And my heart jumped for joy as soon as we were told that we were on the Indian Ocean. Indian Ocean! What locked-up memories it let loose, how my feelings swelled, my eyes brimmed over with tears! Here, here, I am about to see the shores of my birthland—the Golden Ind, the God-land of the Earth of which I have preached in America and which I had despaired of seeing again!

A Householder Yogi.

In Colombo, I was guest of the Hon'ble P. Rāmanāthan, late Solicitor-General, Ceylon. His beautiful home is well worth a visit, but of greater worth is a close acquaintance with the master of that home. I knew Mr. Rāmanāthan in America during his late sojourn there. I met him in Boston and had a couple of hours' soul-to-soul talk with him. His courtly manners, innate gentleness, sweet voice, humble mien, calm-graced face and very spiritual eyes impressed themselves on my mind. He was a Yogi and he betrayed it through the look and shine of his eyes. He is an old-world man set in new-world garb. His spiritual mission in America

was very successful, not so much for the warm reception he received from the cultured classes of Americans, but for his fearless arraignment of Western civilization side by side with his illuminating interpretations of Eastern truths which he held in high estimation wherever he spoke and preached to the great benefit of his hearers. His uncompromising Hindoo ideas made a deep impression upon them. He had asked me to visit him on my way back to India which I had the greatest pleasure in doing. His was an essentially saintly hospitality, for though a householder he is a soul-conscious saint. His treatment of me and attention to my comforts was spontaneously, aye, touchingly affectionate. We had a long talk at night on intricate points of Hindooism and our keen, mutually useful discussion kept us awake beyond midnight. What well trained, magnificent boys Rāmanāthan has, sweet and soulful like their father, so loveable.

Getting Back into Gairika.

It was in Mr. Rāmanāthan's home that I took off my Hindoo robe for America and put on my blessed *bahirbas* in all its glory of *gairika*, the cloth of Krishna colored with the complexion of Rādhā, the Presiding Deity of Spiritual Devotion. Oh, how I had longed, these five-and-half years, to get back into it—the robe of the holy road! How I had fretted for bare feet to tread on, and bare body covered with thin cotton to roll on, the holy dust of India—the holy land of all the earth. And Mr. Rāmanāthan promptly and enthusiastically helped me. For the first time after half-a-dozen years I had my ascetic privilege of begging my food and scanty raiment which my host gave me with his own spiritual pride—the pride of serving a spiritual brother. There, in his home, I also had my *tilak* and *poojā* à la Vaishnava. My host had taken every care to arrange for everything with the most sacred thought and things, and my soul bounded with thrills at the sight of the sacred utensils, flowers, sandalwood emulsion, incense and other materials for worship. After a good bath and getting into *gairika* I sat in that sacred room with the sacred things before me and the sacred man, my host, watching me, and enjoyed the ecstasy of performing the world-old rituals of God-worship known only to India, a worship which not only feeds your soul and mind and nerves with a potent dose of spiritual tonic every morning, but brings you sensibly nearer to God day by day. It was hard to part with Rāmanāthan, that God-lover of Lanka, but India was only across and I had to hurry.

I am that fleeci-est cloud of down that surrounds thee ever and keeps thee from hurting thy sweet self on the stone and hard clay of the world. I am that Being of Life, of Truth, of Wisdom, of Love, of Beauty, of Joy, of Life, of Plenty that hovers ever about thee and sings to thy soul.—From "*Krishna*" by Baba Bharati.

JIM

An Anglo-Indian Romance Founded on Real Facts

BY BABA BHARATI

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Jim, an English regimental officer of India, has lost his way in a jungle while hunting. He meets a yogi whom he threatens to shoot, at the latter's refusal to give him a drink of water. On aiming, he finds himself suddenly rooted to the spot by the eyes of the yogi. Wonder taking place of anger, he drops his gun and is advised by the yogi to look behind him. He sees a lake where before was a forest of trees. Quenching his thirst, he retreats only to see the lake disappear once more.

Turning to the side of the yogi, Jim experienced a strange spiritual awakening and becomes possessed of a determination to follow the holy one as a disciple. The yogi discouraged this project and Jim returns to the world, his wife and child only to gain his wife's consent and rejoin the yogi.

By some mysterious thought process the yogi has anticipated this step and provided a disciple to escort Jim to his monastery in the jungle where Jim was to meet him.

The science of Gooroo and disciple in relation to God and man is borne in upon him, and the veil which hangs between the universe and its laws, the soul and the senses, is lifted and for a little Jim views Eternity.

On the night of Jim's departure from home Elizabeth, all unconscious of his flight, has a perplexing dream and ere she has time to recover fully from its effects, a letter is brought to her from Jim telling her of the step he has taken, bidding her return to her mother and advising her of his plans for the future.

A year or so later finds Jim undergoing the most difficult ordeal known to the Yoga practice—the fiery ordeal, or purification by fire and sun. Then he sets out on a tour round India by the command of his gooroo.

Jim and his companion reach Benares and enter the heart of its spirituality. He meets there one of the yogi's householder disciples. Here too a letter from his wife reaches him. Jim is confronted by a problem. Whence came this letter and how came Lizzie, his wife, to know of his whereabouts?

Confused recollections of the almost forgotten past bewilder and overwhelm Jim. He does not see his wife but sets out for Hurdwar, the Gate of God, to witness one of the wonders of religious India—the Kumbh Mela, where he confronts a Christian missionary. Jim bests the missionary in a warm discussion of missionary tactics. The next morning he sets out with a band of saints to view the greatest of all spiritual wonders—the Achal Samadhi. This is reached, by the most painful paths, crawling on sharp rocks through a zig-zag tunnel.

CHAPTER XXXVI

It was a spacious square cave where they stood. At first they did not understand what constituted the wonder in it, that is, where and what was the Achal Samadhi. It was so comfortable, after such painful process of crawling for what seemed to them to be an hour to have the freedom of standing erect on one's feet. It was much more comfortable to miss the choking smoke of the oil light and be in a radiantly lighted room-like cave. It was more than comfortable to breathe in an atmosphere which made one thrill through the pores of his body. These they all experienced. But where was the Achal Samadhi?

In the right and the left walls and in the wall in front were three broad, high, very deep-hewn niches in which were placed three stone statues in yogi-sitting posture—the Swastika seat. They looked like Buddha's statues, only the features and limbs were more clear-cut and realistic than Buddha's. The sculptor who carved them seemed to these saints to be the greatest master of his art. The color of the stone from which the statues were carved was copper-red, but very shining. Two of the statues were very large and high, more than double the size of the tallest man, the other a little smaller. Did these statues represent the Achal Samadhi, stone-statues, only beautifully, realistically carved? If it was so, it was not worth the trouble of crawling on sharp flints and the smoke-choking.

While they stood in reverent awe because of the reputed holiness of the place upon which their mind and heart had been exercised since the day before, the Punjabee saint-guide said in modulated exclamation:

"This is the wonder of all the wonders of the world! This is the Achal Samādhi you heard of and now have the most blessed privilege to view. It is a sight for the gods alone and the highest Mahatmas. All of you, holy ones, must be very high saints to have deserved to touch the dust of this sanctuary of sanctuaries. Now prostrate before these Rishis who have allowed their bodies to remain on the earth plane in this Dark Age, out of mercy to the world, for the good of that world. These three are the Achal Samādhis—Rishis who have for thousands of years sat thus in Eternal Trance!"

And the speaker pointing, with folded hands and bent head, to the three figures in the three niches, fell prostrate upon the floor, at which the others flung themselves down in the same attitude, shouting, "Jai, Achal Samādhi ki jai!—Glory be to the Achal Samādhi—glory, glory!" and rolled on the dust. When they had all risen, the guide said again:

"You all took these figures as statues carved out of stone. They seem so at first sight to the new visitor. They are so motionless, so still, so hoary with age, so dust-covered. No, holy ones, they are not stones, but holiest statues alive, more alive than you or I. Their life has been centred in the soul—the fountain of life itself. They have sat thus for thousands of years. These two tall ones for five thousand, and the other for three and half thousand years. It is hard to believe it, is it not? And yet you now view that unbelievable wonder with your own fleshly eyes. How fortunate we all are, we the sin-killed mortals of this Kali age, to have this divine privilege of standing in front of such more than divine beings!"

While the saint spoke thus, the others stood erect and still with folded hands staring at one holy figure or the other with a wonderment they could not define, a wonderment which was in itself most mystifying. In spite of the guide's speech, they could hardly realise their privilege in full. Could those statue-like figures be alive and five thousand years old, questioned within themselves many of them. And one of them, younger than all the others, seized by intense curiosity, suddenly stepped forward and touched one of the figures. The saint-guide rushed to prevent him, but he had already done what he had wanted. At this the guide-saint scolded him severely and, almost trembling with righteous indignation, said:—

"You fool and knave! How dare you touch him, you who are not fit to think of him for your cursed disbelief? You did not believe, in spite of what I said, that they are living. Now, what have you found? Tell these holy ones how you did feel him? That would take away the crime, for it is a crime, aye, a deep sin to think of touching a Rishi in Eternal Trance."

The young saint who was already thrilling with ecstasy by the touch of the Rishi, now trembled with repentant humility before the indignant saint-guide. Falling at his feet and begging pardon he said:—

"Oh pardon me, holy one, do pardon me. I know now I have done something very bad. I was goaded by curiosity to touch the Rishi, the dust of whose feet I am not fit to touch. But, saint, what wonderful good fortune is ours to be here. Holy ones, these figures are living Rishis as this saint says. That touch told me that they are not only not stone, but are more than alive. They are fully soul-alive; they are all-soul. And the vibrations of that soul-trance have entered into me through that touch and, you see, I am shaking with the vibrations. Oh, what sights are these! Is it possible we are standing here on earth and viewing, in this dense period of the Dark Age, three Rishis sitting in Samādhi for these five thousand years? O saint, what have you shown us! We can never repay you by our life for this privilege. Oh, how have we deserved this—what good karma had we in our past lives. Tell us, O saint, tell us who

you are—you cannot be a man but a god to be in charge of this sanctuary of sanctuaries. Brothers, let us shout glory to God and the Rishis—the Immortal Rishis of whom we had so long only read and now view them in this dense Kali with our physical eyes in their physical bodies—Jai Sree Bhagwan ki jai! Jai Rishion ki jai!"

"Jai Sree Bhagwan Ki jai! Jai Rishion ki jai!" repeated the saints in lusty shouts again and again, howling and dancing in joy. Then when the ecstatic excitement had subsided, the saint-guide spoke again:

"Brothers," said he, "you have failed to mark one phenomenon of this sanctuary. You have failed to mark the light which illumines this cave, the light which has paled the oil-light I have brought. See, there is the oil-light. Is the light in this room the light of that lamp?"

"No, no," exclaimed one of the saints, "it is not the light of that lamp, this light is hundred times brighter than that. Whence comes this light? How strange we never noticed this fact?"

All the others nodded to these words and looked round in abject astonishment for the source of the cave's illumination. "How wonderful!" they were thinking, "whence comes this bright light?" And they begged the guide-saint to unravel the mystery of it. The guide-saint laughed, and, pointing to the entranced Rishis, said:

"Whence should it come but from these Eternal Ones? It is the radiance of their soul, it is the light of their perfect entrancement."

The moment the mystery was explained, the saints stood where they did in dazed amazement for a long while. They were both speechless and motionless. They could not even think a thought. They felt they were in a semi-trance which thrilled through their whole being. When they were not conscious of that light, they did not feel its influence so much. But when they found that they were all engulfed in one of the greatest of spiritual miracles, they felt its influence to the full. The saint-guide spoke again, but in a very low and mysterious voice:

"Now, you cannot speak or move or think, holy ones. Do you know the reason? The wonderment of the phenomenon is not so much the cause of the experience you are going through now, as the influence of the soul-radiance in which you are immersed. So long as you did not think of the phenomenon, you did not feel its magnetism, but now that you know you feel its pervasion, its exquisite sense, its ecstasy. The same thing is the case of a man who does not know that God is within and around him. He acts like a human brute and lives, moves and has his being on a severely material plane. But when he comes to know that the all-pervading God is within him and in every atom of creation, the very thought thrills him and the more constantly he thinks of it, the more he feels the influence of that God. His nearness, nay, His Presence, and absorbs His attributes. It is knowledge that exhales us from matter, it is knowledge of God that makes us god-like in consciousness and conduct, yea, even in appearance to some extent. Now, holy ones, you have seen this greatest wonder of the world. Remember it in your devotions and as constantly as you can. It will vastly help your spiritual growth, its magnetism has already purified your mind and body. It is not for the eyes of either the profane or the unbeliever or even of the novice in religion or asceticism. It is the privilege of the higher stage ascetic which I believe you all are, or you could not be allowed to view it. All I beg of you all is that you must never mention it to any other soul outside this company. It is not a show, it is the mystery of mysteries of this soul-land of the earth. The knowledge of its existence should be kept within the secret chamber of your memory, its secrecy should be guarded as you guard your very life. In fact it is sacred as your *mantram*, sacred as your soul. None knows the way to its entrance except the chosen few of these god-men, and the least attempt to betray—"

aster to the betrayer. It is not that I am threatening you all, holy ones, not that I doubt that you will keep silent about it after what I have said to you. But, it is my duty to warn you of the consequence of such an act for your own good."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

JIM got out of the cave of the Achal Samādhi and the narrow passage with the rest of the saints by the hard and painful process by which they all entered it. All the time that he was in the cave with the others, he was more in trance than the others. The Achal Samādhi and the thrilling experiences were too much for him. Though formerly an Englishman, he had more faith in the higher phases and possibilities of spiritual wonders than most of his companions, certainly more than that of the man who touched the Rishi to know if the thing was real. Somehow he always felt, when confronted with such phenomena, as if he had known them all his life. But this greatest wonder was a wonder whose existence he could not even dream of. And yet he believed whatever the saint-guide said in explanation. Nothing was easier to believe. And he hardly listened to the subsequent speeches of the guide. He was absorbed in the three Samādhis on which his eyes were fastened as he looked at the one and then at the other. And as he looked, he saw each of them suddenly illumined by a glow which was not apparent to other eyes. Then he had a message from the tallest one, a message which was delivered to him more from within himself than from the figure. The message was something like this as far as Jim could gather its meaning:

"Try to remember thy past life, especially the one immediately before thy present flesh-encasement. If thou triest to remember it, it will flash out of thy unconscious memory. That will help thee more. Beloved of the Lord, thou wert known to the Lord before thy present birth."

Jim was trying to think over the message from the time he was out of the tunnel. In the presence of the Rishis its impression on his mind was not so clear. And then he was too much filled with the vibrations of the cave, almost absolutely wrapped up with the thought of being in the presence of Master Yogis the world could not even dream of. The thought, however, was far from active. It entranced him, dazed his thinking instrument. Now that the mist of the magnetism cleared a little, he was trying to think how he could remember his past life, how to go about it to waken it up in his memory. All the time that he was thinking, almost absorbingly, he was keeping pace with the other saints in the process of the difficult descent from the mountain. The descent was more difficult and perilous than the ascent, and every nerve had to be stretched, and every possible care had to be taken to prevent the most fatal fall. Jim, however, was going through it mechanically. While the others were breathing hard and fast from the strain of the trouble, he was not conscious of either the breathing or the trouble. Hence, not feeling any trouble in the body, he did not feel it in his mind which, therefore, was undisturbed in thinking of the way in which he could remember his past life. The saints shouted warnings, "Take care brothers, this place is dangerous," every now and then, but Jim hardly heard them. All the same he was doing just as the others did and almost with equal care with the others. Shānt Das now and again tapped him on the shoulder, saying, "Mind your way more than the mind." But Jim was too busy thinking to pay any heed to his friend's words of caution.

Now they were very near the end of the descent, just fifty steps more and they would be on level ground. And the saints quickened their paces to end the trouble. Jim did it too, but while the others became more careful because of the speed in choosing footholds, he simply trusted his feet unconsciously to take the care. The result was he slipped, fell and rolled down about thirty or

you are—you cannot be a man but a god to be in charge of this sanctuary of sanctuaries. Brothers, let us shout glory to God and the Rishis—the Immortal Rishis of whom we had so long only read and now view them in this dense Kali with our physical eyes in their physical bodies—'Jai Sree Bhagwan ki jai! Jai Rishion ki jai!'"

"Jai Sree Bhagwan Ki jai! Jai Rishion ki jai!" repeated the saints in lusty shouts again and again, howling and dancing in joy. Then when the ecstatic excitement had subsided, the saint-guide spoke again:

"Brothers," said he, "you have failed to mark one phenomenon of this sanctuary. You have failed to mark the light which illumines this cave, the light which has paled the oil-light I have brought. See, there is the oil-light. Is the light in this room the light of that lamp?"

"No, no," exclaimed one of the saints, "it is not the light of that lamp, this light is hundred times brighter than that. Whence comes this light? How strange we never noticed this fact?"

All the others nodded to these words and looked round in abject astonishment for the source of the cave's illumination. "How wonderful!" they were thinking, "whence comes this bright light?" And they begged the guide-saint to unravel the mystery of it. The guide-saint laughed, and, pointing to the entranced Rishis, said:

"Whence should it come but from these Eternal Ones? It is the radiance of their soul, it is the light of their perfect entrancement."

The moment the mystery was explained, the saints stood where they did in dazed amazement for a long while. They were both speechless and motionless. They could not even think a thought. They felt they were in a semi-trance which thrilled through their whole being. When they were not conscious of that light, they did not feel its influence so much. But when they found that they were all engulfed in one of the greatest of spiritual miracles, they felt its influence to the full. The saint-guide spoke again, but in a very low and mysterious voice:

"Now, you cannot speak or move or think, holy ones. Do you know the reason? The wonderment of the phenomenon is not so much the cause of the experience you are going through now, as the influence of the soul-radiance in which you are immersed. So long as you did not think of the phenomenon, you did not feel its magnetism, but now that you know you feel its pervasion, its exquisite sense, its ecstasy. The same thing is the case of a man who does not know that God is within and around him. He acts like a human brute and lives, moves and has his being on a severely material plane. But when he comes to know that the all-pervading God is within him and in every atom of creation, the very thought thrills him and the more constantly he thinks of it, the more he feels the influence of that God, His nearness, nay, His Presence, and absorbs His attributes. It is knowledge that exalts us from matter, it is knowledge of God that makes us god-like in consciousness and conduct, yea, even in appearance to some extent. Now, holy ones, you have seen this greatest wonder of the world. Remember it in your devotions and as constantly as you can. It will vastly help your spiritual growth, its magnetism has already purified your mind and body. It is not for the eyes of either the profane or the unbeliever or even of the novice in religion or asceticism. It is the privilege of the higher stage ascetic which I believe you all are, or you could not be allowed to view it. All I beg of you all is that you must never mention it to any other soul outside this company. It is not a show, it is the mystery of mysteries of this soul-land of the earth. The knowledge of its existence should be kept within the secret chamber of your memory, its secrecy should be guarded as you guard your very life. In fact it is sacred as your *mantram*, sacred as your soul. None knows the way to its entrance except the chosen few of these god-men, and the least attempt to betray its secret is met with the greatest dis-

aster to the betrayer. It is not that I am threatening you all, holy ones, not that I doubt that you will keep silent about it after what I have said to you. But, it is my duty to warn you of the consequence of such an act for your own good."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

JIM GOT out of the cave of the Achal Samādhi and the narrow passage with the rest of the saints by the hard and painful process by which they all entered it. All the time that he was in the cave with the others, he was more in trance than the others. The Achal Samādhi and the thrilling experiences were too much for him. Though formerly an Englishman, he had more faith in the higher phases and possibilities of spiritual wonders than most of his companions, certainly more than that of the man who touched the Kishi to know if the thing was real. Somehow he always felt, when confronted with such phenomena, as if he had known them all his life. But this greatest wonder was a wonder whose existence he could not even dream of. And yet he believed whatever the saint-guide said in explanation. Nothing was easier to believe. And he hardly listened to the subsequent speeches of the guide. He was absorbed in the three Samādhis on which his eyes were fastened as he looked at the one and then at the other. And as he looked, he saw each of them suddenly illumined by a glow which was not apparent to other eyes. Then he had a message from the tallest one, a message which was delivered to him more from within himself than from the figure. The message was something like this as far as Jim could gather its meaning:

"Try to remember thy past life, especially the one immediately before thy present flesh-encasement. If thou triest to remember it, it will flash out of thy unconscious memory. That will help thee more. Beloved of the Lord, thou wert known to the Lord before thy present birth."

Jim was trying to think over the message from the time he was out of the tunnel. In the presence of the Rishis its impression on his mind was not so clear. And then he was too much filled with the vibrations of the cave, almost absolutely wrapped up with the thought of being in the presence of Master Yogis the world could not even dream of. The thought, however, was far from active. It entranced him, dazed his thinking instrument. Now that the mist of the magnetism cleared a little, he was trying to think how he could remember his past life, how to go about it to waken it up in his memory. All the time that he was thinking, almost absorbingly, he was keeping pace with the other saints in the process of the difficult descent from the mountain. The descent was more difficult and perilous than the ascent, and every nerve had to be stretched, and every possible care had to be taken to prevent the most fatal fall. Jim, however, was going through it mechanically. While the others were breathing hard and fast from the strain of the trouble, he was not conscious of either the breathing or the trouble. Hence, not feeling any trouble in the body, he did not feel it in his mind which, therefore, was undisturbed in thinking of the way in which he could remember his past life. The saints shouted warnings, "Take care brothers, this place is dangerous," every now and then, but Jim hardly heard them. All the same he was doing just as the others did and almost with equal care with the others. Shānt Das now and again tapped him on the shoulder, saying, "Mind your way more than the mind." But Jim was too busy thinking to pay any heed to his friend's words of caution.

Now they were very near the end of the descent, just fifty steps more and they would be on level ground. And the saints quickened their paces to end the trouble. Jim did it too, but while the others became more careful because of the speed in choosing footholds, he simply trusted his feet unconsciously to take the care. The result was he slipped, fell and rolled down about thirty or forty feet all bruised and his knees fractured. The saints cried out in alarm and

pain and some of them shut their eyes not wishing to look upon the mangled body of a holy man. Shânt Das rushed to him and tried to lift him, but poor Jim was not only unable to stand, but was unconscious. At this the saints wailed and became very much excited. But Shânt Das said to them:

"Brothers, don't be excited, and lose your wits. We have no water here to dash against our brother's face or to pour on his wounds. Let us carry him on our shoulders to a very nearby little monastery where we can wake him up and treat his wounds. His fall is very bad, but I don't think it is fatal."

At this some of the saints lifted Jim on their shoulders and moved, by Shânt Das' directing, along a round-about path of easy gradients towards the monastery which they reached soon enough. Then they laid him down on the verandah. The hermits of the sacred refuge came out in great concern with water, which being dashed in Jim's face several times made him breathe again, and he came back into consciousness a few minutes after. His face became distorted with pain, and he moaned piteously. Leaving him with the others, Shânt Das went to the jungle at the back of the hermitage and soon returned with the leaves of a medicinal plant known to him, which being thrashed upon a stone with a stone, gave abundant juice which he poured into the wounds. The effect was instantaneous. The pain was almost instantly gone, and Jim stopped moaning and shut his eyes to enjoy the relief.

Shânt Das then put the thrashed leaves on Jim's wounds and bandaged them. This done, he gave Jim some sugar water of which Jim drank three potfuls, he was so thirsty. He then had Jim carried inside the monastery where, in a small room, he placed him on the bed of the inohunt—the abbot. Shânt Das then went again to the jungle at the back and, gathering some herbs, extracted the juice, and mixing it with sugar, gave Jim another drink. It tasted very well, and Jim asked for more. But Shânt Das laughed and said, "No more. More will kill you. The little that you have drunk will act on you immediately. Why, you are already sleepy." It was true. Before Shânt Das had finished speaking, Jim had fallen into a heavy sleep. Shânt Das then dismissed the other saints, asking them to return to their lodging on the Mela grounds while he himself remained in the monastery. Telling the two hermits who belonged to the place and who treated him as if he was their gooroo—falling at his feet every now and then and standing before him with bent head to receive his command—that there must not be the least noise in or near the hermitage to disturb the slumber of the saint, he left the monastery again saying he would return in two hours. The hermits prostrated themselves and said, "Whatever your holiness' command!" They watched him, going with folded hands, until he disappeared turning round a rock. Then they turned and, entering the monastery, sat outside the door of Jim's room with bent head without a whisper or motion to each other.

Jim slept so soundly that he looked almost like a dead man. An hour passed and yet he slept in the same position, straight on his back. There was no movement in his limbs, nor was there the least twitching or change of expression in his face. The two hermits who sat outside his door so silently, now wished to talk. They went out to the verandah and whispered to each other. One said:

"What kind of sâdhoo is this Shântji has brought? His body is so fair, his eyes blue, his hair chestnut."

"Maybe from Kashmir. He, perhaps, is a Kashmiri Brahman or one from Kulu on the snow hills."

"No, no," whispered the other, "He is not a Kashmiri. I can tell that from his looks. My instinct says he is not a Brahman. But he is a saint, no doubt about that. Poor man, he is very much hurt. Do you think he will live?"

"Yes, why not?" said the second one, "when Shântji has taken charge of him, no death can approach him. You do not know the power of Shântji. He is the greatest chelâ of the Mâhrâj, the most advanced one, the most devoted one. His touch is enough to waken the dead into life."

"But," said the first hermit, "the man seems to be already dead. I do not think he is sleeping. I think he is dead."

"What nonsense is this? Why do you think he is dead?"

"Why, he is not breathing at all, neither does he move."

"That is the effect of the medicine which Shantji gave him to drink. You are not acquainted with the ways of the higher saints. I tell you they can raise the dead. I was with Shantji for a while in Rishikesh. One day, a saint was bitten by a cobra and lay dying. A few minutes more and he would have been dead. Just then Shantji came from some place he had gone to the night before. Hearing of the saint's condition he hastened to the dharamsala where he was housed and found him all blue. He hurried out and came back running with some leaves, thrashed them on the stone floor and applied the juice to the wound. The man was quite unconscious, but in three minutes he opened his eyes and heaving a profound sigh of relief said, 'Ah! what balm is this, how comfortable I feel!' Shantji gave him a leaf-juice to drink, and instantly he slept, as soundly as this sadhoo is now sleeping. In two or three hours he woke up refreshed and healthy as he was never before."

They talked in this way for a long time, until the stories of wonders done by Shant Das recounted by the second hermit made the first one feel repentant that he had talked foolishly about Jim's condition. He fell at the other's feet and said, "Brother, how fortunate I am to have met such a great soul, such a yogi. I want to serve him, if he will keep me with him."

"In that case you will have to deserve the privilege. Do you think these high yogis keep such as you or me in their company? They are either alone or allow some advanced chela to be with them. This wounded saint must be such an advanced one."

CHAPTER XXXVIII

WHEN JIM woke up, Shant Das was by his bedside. With the tenderness of a mother's affection he asked, "How are you, my boy?"

Jim smiled in deep gratitude mixed with the deeper love he had already fostered in his heart for his friend, and said in melting accents:

"Can I ever feel bad when my father-mother-brother-sister is with me? What evil can you not rid me of? O Shant Das, what are you? Are you some god encased in flesh? I have seen my Gooroo only three times. His is the great glory of redeeming my beast-soul, but yours is the credit of not only keeping up that redemption but nourishing and clothing that newly-awakened baby soul. Nay, you have been more, you have done everything for me like a true mother, you have carried me in your arms, as it were, never placed me on earth. You are more than a mother to me, my all-in-all, you are a true gooroo in all its hallowed and tenderest sense."

Shant Das heard these tender words of Jim with a gladness which shone through his face and eyes and the whole body. When Jim stopped he wiped out the tears with which his eyes were filled, and switched him off to another subject.

"All that is pure nonsense. I have tried to do a brother's duty, that's all. Don't talk of it. Now, tell me, what do you think of the Achal Samadhi?"

"Achal Samadhi?" answered Jim after a while in which he controlled his emotion, "why, I don't know what to say of it. It is something you cannot talk about. It is a thing to think of all within yourself, and draw its blessings."

"But don't draw its blessings so fast and so concentratedly" said Shant Das with his low musical laugh, "you understand what I mean for that is the cause of your fall and these wounds."

"You know all" said Jim a little ashamed, "what is it you don't know?"

"Now, brother," said Shant Das, "you will have to take another drink of this medicine and sleep as long as it lasts."

So saying, Shánt Das raised Jim in the bed and made him drink the medicine. Almost instantly he fell asleep. Shánt Das went into another room and locked himself up after telling the hermits to go and stay in an outhouse, away from the hermitage.

Jim awoke at about seven o'clock in the evening when Shánt Das gave him some thick boiled milk to drink and some sweets to eat. He then gave Jim another dose of the juice which put him to sleep again. Out of that dearest sleep he rose at about midnight, and looked round, little dazed, as if he wanted to see somebody. It was not Shánt Das that he searched with his eyes, no, somebody else, for his looks seemed uncanny. At last he seemed to be quiet for his eyes were fixed, fixed on something in a corner of the room, left hand corner just back of him. It was a woman's figure that his eyes rested on. As if he was perplexed with some problem and the figure was the solution of that problem, he softly asked the figure:

"Who are you? Tell me."

For the first time after so many years Jim spoke English.

The figure did not understand the language, but, advancing to his bedside asked Jim how he was. She was a woman clothed in a saffron-colored sári with half-drawn veil. Her voice was musical which, mixed with her handsome smiling face, large lustrous eyes, exerted quite a charm upon Jim. He seemed to be quieted, and, smiling in turn, spoke in Hindustani, being now ashamed of his English. He said:

"I am well, by the Gooroo's grace. Who are you? Do you live here?"

"Yes, near here, only one mile off. I heard of your hurt and came to see you. Shántdasji told me of it. May I offer my services as your nurse? It will be such a privilege."

"Nurse me? Do I need nursing? I feel well already, except perhaps for my wounds. Shantji has already cured me of the worst effects of the fall. You are so very kind to offer to nurse me. Well, you are my mother and I am your son. The son depends upon the mother for all the nursings when he is ill. Where is Shánt Das?"

"He has gone somewhere and will return tonight, he said, and asked me to take care of you, I and my sister. She is a veiled woman and has taken the vow of silence. So, you will take no offence if she does not speak. Oh, she is so sweet, so gentle, and full of love. She is an ascetic like me."

"Where do you come from, that is, where was your home before you became a Yogini?"

Jim asked this because he was puzzled about her deep blonde hair and blue eyes which, he was under the impression, could not be possible in a Hindoo. All the same, she looked Hindoo in every other way.

"My home? Everywhere. Perhaps you mean the home of my birth. Well, holy one, you know I should not talk of it. But since you have asked I must obey your command. I come from the hills, away from Kulu where the snow is thick and melts but little. I may say I am a snow-woman."

And the tall, lithe lady laughed at her own pleasantry, until her white-and-rose complexion deepened in color.

Jim laughed, too, though not so heartily as she did, for Jim's limbs were stiff on account of the wounds. Jim asked another question with some diffidence:

"Were you a virgin or a widow when you took to the Holy Road, excuse my asking you?"

"A widow," was the answer, "I became a widow at the age of fifteen. But I have never missed my husband since I have loved, by the grace of my Gooroo, the Husband of all the wives and husbands—my Krishna, the Stealer of all Hearts and of butter, too. What is a human husband compared with the *Prem kâ Rájá*—the King of Love? No, saint, I was a widow, but now I have entered into Eternal wifehood. The Lord is my Lover and husband, He is my father, mother, brother all in One. I am very happy, saint, I am the happiest mortal on earth."

"You look it, blessed one, you look happiness itself. You radiate happiness, the happiness that is within your heart. See, you have made me happy, too, I have forgotten my wounds and their pain."

"It is through your blessing. Now, I will be going home. Drink this medicine again, it is the command of Shāntji, and sleep again."

Jim slept again after the drink, the drink of the juice, the third dose. He woke up three hours after. His eyes opened slowly and had a dazed look in them. They rested upon the figure of a veiled woman who sat cross-legged on the ground near his bed. The veil covered her face entirely. This aroused Jim's interest. He asked: "Are you the same lady who was with me a little before?"

There was no response at once. But after a few seconds she answered by a shake of her head in the negative. That made Jim remember the other lady talked of her sister, who was to help her in nursing him. She had said her sister had taken the vow of silence. This, then, thought he, was the sister. Jim wanted to talk because he had slept much. He wanted also to sit up on his bed if he could. He could not do it himself for his right arm, wrist, elbow and knees were bandaged. He, therefore, said: "Will you help me to sit up?"

The lady nodded, rose and, putting her right arm around his shoulders, very gently raised him into a sitting posture. While she was doing it, Jim felt a kind of sensation all over his body, a funny sensation as he thought it was. It was funny but very soothing. It seemed to wake up some long dead and buried memories. What was it? The lady's touch was so soft, her demeanor was gentle. And yet it thrilled him. What was it, what was it?

Jim looked at her, somewhat hard, where she sat squat on the floor against the wall, her head veiled and bent. She was a nun, a Sanyasini too, wrapped in yellow robe, a tall woman of symmetrical shape upon which the thin colored sari rested almost caressingly. But however hard he could look, her veil protected her from his view. His inquisitiveness about her made Jim almost ashamed of himself. He, therefore, turned away his eyes from her and tried to calm down his disturbed state of mind. But he failed entirely. The more he tried to think of something else, the more forcibly her thought came back.

Not knowing what to do, he asked, "Where is Shāntji?" The woman did not answer, neither did she seem to heed his question. She remained unmoved in her seat and position of her body. Jim remembered again she had taken a vow of silence, hence she did not speak. But could she not answer by a sign? But how could his question be answered by a sign? he thought. Just then she raised her right hand and motioned to say she did not know or that he was not there. But his question being an idle one, Jim did not care to have the sign-answer cleared. He was looking at her form, her shapely form. It reminded him of something, of somebody he had known intimately who had such form and shapely limbs. Who was it? Who was it she reminded him of?

But his brain was somewhat dazed and would not function much thought. Therefore, his mind switched off to another phase of the lady. Why was she so thickly veiled? She was not a zenana lady. She was a Sanyasin. Did she also take the vow of the veil? Was there such a vow? He did not know. Perhaps there was. His mind became idle again for want of conclusions. And almost absent-mindedly he asked for a drink of water. She rose instantly and turned to move toward the door. As she turned the light of the oil lamp shone through the opening in her veil upon her eyes and the upper cheeks and lower forehead. Jim was on the alert to catch a glimpse of her face and he caught it. Her eyes were full of tears, her cheeks were wet with them. And eyes and tears and cheeks and forehead suddenly brought back the tenderest memories with a pain he had rarely felt, and before he was aware what he was doing he cried out:

"O Lizzie! Lizzie! My Lizzie, where are you, darling, where are you?"

The nun started and was about to fall in a heap. But she pulled herself up with a mighty effort and rushed out of the room.

(To be continued)

"THE GREATEST BOOK OF THE CENTURY"

—*Oriental Review*

Krishna: THE LORD OF LOVE HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSE

12 mo 550 Pages. Prices: Morocco, Three Dollars; Cloth, Two Dollars
BY BABA BHARATI.

Reviews and Opinions:

Brooklyn Daily Eagle:—An exalted philosophy.

New York Daily News:—Sree Krishna, the Lord of Love, is forceful—an extraordinary book.

Chicago Examiner:—Certainly its ethics are of the most exalted type.

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox:—It is most interesting. I find it most clearly and simply told.

It broadens and interests, and so I enjoy your most exhaustive work on Creation.

Henri Pene Du Bois, New York American:

I thank you with all my heart for your book. It realizes a dream of my teacher, Stephane Mallarme, the poet, for it has three super-imposed texts. One is for the passer-by, one for the intellectual another is for the artist, and all are excellent. And each one is to be read twice—once for the ideas that are expressed, the other for the beauty of the phrases.

"The Listener," Boston Evening Transcript:

In the spirit of his lordly race, unabashed before modern science, claiming indeed to have anticipated modern science at all points, sturdy in the simplicity and strength of the faith of the antique world, with all the power of singleness of belief in the few grand all-embracing principles, he issues warnings like the prophets of the ancient Hebrews.

In this book "Krishna" is to be found the simplest, most straightforward, most logical exposition of the "Ancient Wisdom" concerning the creation of the universe and evolution thereof, of any the "Listener" has happened to see.

The Oriental Review:

The boldness of the author is simply phenomenal. The world has been looking forward to welcome such boldness. It is the boldness of absolute realization of the Central Truth of Creation, a boldness whose force is living love. It is a boldness which will stagger the spirit of the most cautious critic into conviction of the wonderfully luminous interpretations, given in the book, of the spiritual and moral laws and forces of life. Baba Bharati has dealt the final blow to the West's "swelled head" notions of its own superiority in enlightenment in this the greatest book of the century, in which he has mirrored forth the inner machinery and the workings of the cosmos, for the benefit of the soul-hungry students the world over, in the easiest English imaginable. The book deserves the largest circulation. It cannot fail to interest all classes of readers. The prose-poems which embody the life-story of Krishna in Part II and the "Revelations" are chants of soul-thrilling word-music unequalled in English literature.

Boston Evening Transcript:

The volume is remarkable for the completeness with which it covers the subject, the extent of the information concerning the different points of the philosophy and religion giving it almost the value of an encyclopedia of the best in Hindoo thought.

Bharati's style is of singular directness, simplicity and clearness, and his work throughout is marked by sanity, lucid thinking, and the high purpose of one who is devoted, with all the ardour of a strong, manly nature, not to himself, but to all humanity.—*Extracts from a two-column review.*

American Review of Reviews:

The volume is really a clear history of the origin, nature and evolution of the universe as the Oriental mind perceives it; it is a clear statement of the doctrine of Karma; an exposition of the caste system; a beautiful story of the Oriental Christ, and perhaps the clearest statement ever published of the Hindoo cosmogony. The love of the source of the universe, which in the Hindu philosophy is called Krishna, is the determining force of the universe. It is an extraordinary book—the fascinating exposition of an exalted philosophy.

Bible Review, Cal.:

This book is written in an open, liberal style, free of all technicalities—very different from other Hindu works; it is designed more for the general reader, and contains no obscure phrases, nor does it enter into any of the rationale or drill for the attainment of powers; the great pervading spirit being that of pure devotion. The main value of this work is to endue the reader with its sweet spirit of love.

The Outlook, New York:

In personnel the Peace Congress was as notable as its doings. The most striking of all delegates was the Hindu monk Baba Bharati in his robe and turban; tall, powerful, strong and acute, severely condemning England for its invasion of Tibet, full of good will to all, and distinctly affirming the divinity of Jesus Christ.

TO BE HAD OF:—THE KRISHNA HOME, 730 West 16th St., Los Angeles, Cal.—THE OLD CORNER BOOK STORE, 27-29 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.—C. C. PARKER, Bookseller, 246 S. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.—THE METAPHYSICAL LIBRARY, 611 Grant Building, S. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.—G. P. Putnam's Son, 27 & 29, West 23rd St., New York; John Lane Company, 67, Fifth Ave., N.Y.; Thacker, Spink & Co., Calcutta; W. Newman & Co., Calcutta and G. Natesan & Co., Esplanade, Madras.



The Happy, Wholesome, Outdoor Life

WE PROVIDE FOR IT

Tents and Camping Goods, Yachting and Beach Goods, Wheeling and Auto Goods, Outdoor Goods for rain or shine.

We make to measure handsome garments of Khaki, Corduroy, Canvas and Corduroy-Khaki for both men and women. They are strong, cleanly and inexpensive.

SELF MEASUREMENT BLANKS FURNISHED.

MAIL ORDERS SOLICITED

Send for Catalogue

THE **WM. H. HOEGEE CO., Inc.**

138-140-142 SOUTH MAIN STREET

BOTH PHONES EX. 87

American Printing

IN

CALCUTTA

AT

THE LIGHT PRINTING WORKS

33-2 Nebootala Lane, Bowbazar

Rates Reasonable—Try us

Walter J. Lennox, Manager

RED ENSIGN

COFFEE

For Persons with a weak
Heart or Nerves.

IT STIMULATES

The System Generally.

TRY IT

From all Dealers.

C. C. LOOMIS
HARRY LOOMIS

AMERICAN
DAN
EUROPEAN

One of the most
elegant and lux-
uriously furnish-
ed hotels in the
United States

The Most Popular
GRILL in the City

LOOMIS BROS.
PROPRIETORS



THE ANGELUS

Los Angeles,
California.

Please mention THE LIGHT OF INDIA in writing to Advertisers

H. JEVNE CO.

Jevne's India Delicacies

When you want the most appetizing and delicious condiments and pickles—just remember the famous India Chutneys are the world's finest products. Remember, too, that JEVNE'S is Los Angeles' headquarters for these celebrated goods. Our large stock includes the famous Sweet Cashmere, Bombay; Major Grey's Sweet; Green Mango, hot; Sweet Lucknow; Tamerind, medium hot; Bengal, hot; India Mango, etc.

If you have never tried our delicious India teas, you have yet to discover the real meaning of tea goodness. The famous "Light of Asia," "Star of India," and "Lallah Rookh" are the teas which were so highly praised by all who visited the India Pavilion at the World's Fair, Chicago.

Remember this fact—that the name JEVNE stands for **QUALITY** in all food products—but quality at prices no higher than quality is honestly worth.

Ask for Our Free Catalog.

Smoke Jevne's Fine Cigars

208-210 SOUTH SPRING STREET, WILCOX BUILDING.

THE OLDEST SAVINGS BANK IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

ESTABLISHED 1885.

THIS BANK PAYS

3 Per ON ORDINARY 4 Per ON TERM
cent. SAVINGS ACCOUNTS cent. DEPOSITS.

30,500 DEPOSITORS

ASSETS \$800,000,000

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS.

WM. G. KERCKHOFF, Pres.

J. F. SARTORI

A. H. BRALY, Vice-Pres.

M. S. HELLMAN

W. D. WOOLWINE, Vice-Pres.

W. D. LONGYEAR

CHAS. H. TOLL, Cashier

J. H. GRIFFIN, Sec. & Asst.

Cashier

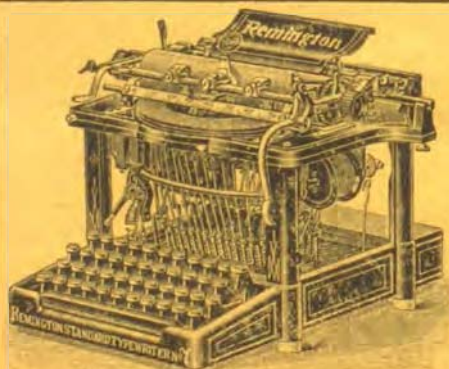
C. W. WILSON, Asst. Cashier



UNION TRUST BUILDING

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA SAVINGS BANK

S. E. CORNER FOURTH AND SPRING, LOS ANGELES, CAL.



When the Remington Typewriter offer something new to the public, the public knows without being told that it's something good.

New Models Now Ready

Remington Typewriter Company

117 S. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

325-327 Broadway, New York.

BRANCHES EVERYWHERE.